

Another Mark-Down in Summer Goods.

This time it is Wrappers and Two-piece Suits. Now is your chance to get a good style Wrapper of the best goods and make, for the same price you would have to pay for a cheap one. Come early for at these prices they will soon go.

LAWN AND PERCALE ONES that were \$1.50 and \$1.75. Now \$1.25

PERCALE AND BEST PRINT that were \$1.25. Now 98 Cents

PRINTS that were \$1.00. Now 79 Cents

FIVE WAIST PATTERNS of fancy Silk Gingham, were \$1.25 per pattern. Now 94 cents per pattern.

PLAIN SILK GINGHAM that was 50 cents per yard. Now 25 cents per yard.

MERCERIZED GINGHAMS in fancy stripes, were 25 cents per yard. Now 15 cents per yard.

These are all this season's styles. Be sure to get one.

Now 25 cents per yard.

Now 15 cents per yard.

Now 15 cents per yard.

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THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Miss Rita Twitcomb is visiting in Gorham, N. H.

Mr. Myron Pillsbury went to Scarborough yesterday.

Miss Edith Farwell of Gilead was in town to-day.

Dana B. Hall is visiting relatives in Boston and Brookton.

Mr. Geo. E. King was down from Berlin, N. H. Sunday.

C. H. Kimball of East Bethel, was in this village Friday.

Ed Lyons came up from Lewiston on his motor cycle Sunday.

Miss Daisy Dixon visited Miss Edith Farwell at Gilead last Friday.

Mrs. William Kendall and son have been visiting at Mechanic Falls.

The cat thermometers in King's window are attracting lots of attention.

Dr. Carroll has gone to Prince Edward Island where his parents reside.

Van Camp's and Anderson's concentrated soups at Lucas' Home Bakery.

Dr. and Mrs. Sturdivant went to Brunswick last week, to visit for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Linscott of Boston, have been spending a few days in town.

Rev. and Mrs. Pillsbury and daughter Grace are spending a few days at Old Orchard.

Hon. J. M. Philbrook shipped a car of new milk cows and veal calves to market on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yates took advantage of the Sunday excursion to visit Mrs. Goodwin last Sunday.

No picnic basket or luncheon table is complete without the Royal Luncheon Cheese, that Lucas sells.

Mrs. O. M. Mason who has been spending two weeks with relatives and friends in Portland, returned home Thursday.

Letters for the following are advertised at the postoffice:

Mrs. Isabella Herrick.

Mrs. Joseph Matthieu.

Mrs. A. A. Ottagnon.

Mr. George F. Green.

Mr. Erma Haines.

Mr. M. Kaplan.

Mr. Lord, proprietor of Prospect Inn, has secured the services of a fine chef who has been employed at the Adams House, Vendome, and other Boston hotels.

Mr. Lord evidently intends that his house shall be strictly first-class and up to date.

In a letter received from Emma T. Robinson, Pomona, Cal., yesterday she says: "We are having charming summer weather now, after a cool spring and a cool June. The fruit drying season is now under full headway with favoring skies, all fair, bright, gracious days, in which one feels it is good to be alive. I wish the haymakers of Maine and everywhere might have like sunshine for the harvesting of the hay."

A merry party of about one hundred collected at H. M. Kendall's in Newry, last Friday night, to assist in the house warming to which they had been bidden. Music was furnished by local players assisted by B. F. Barker of Bethel, and a grand good time was enjoyed by all. Many of the guests were from out of town, and several reside outside the State. Refreshments of fruit punch, lemonade, etc., were served, and the festivities continued until nearly dawn.

Comrade H. C. Barker of the Thirtieth Maine Regiment Association hands us the invitation of that association to its reunion to be held on Peaks Island Aug. 19. One fare over the Grand Trunk for round trip. The invitation is printed on a postal card, yet it contains about a half column of matter which is Greek to us but probably intelligible enough to the initiated. It is surely a cordial invitation, and was certainly written by one who has not fallen into the "hay-foot, straw-foot" rut against which he warns his comrades.

Stop! Neighbor! Say, what's going on, A straw-ride, circus, or ping-pong? The crowd is moving north by west, Dressed up in all their Sunday best! Why friend, now don't you really know, Where all these good folks mean to go? Why, there's a lark, Down to the Park! There'll be a plenty of Cream and Cakes, Of good old Bethel's honest make; And it's so good, and sold so cheap, That you can eat, and eat, and eat, Before you wear your dollar out; Or feel the pangs of Gourmand's gout. There'll be some pleasant games, perhaps, For lively girls and festive chaps; Lanterns will shine 'stead of the moon, And phonograph play many a tune; We'll sit or walk beneath the trees, While fanned by evening's cooling breeze. Then come! It's Thursday night, you know! No work! So let's take in the Show!

Prof. Nathan Grover of Orono, made a brief visit to Bethel last week.

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Bradbury of Norway, were in town one day last week.

The Ladies' Circle will meet with Mrs. C. O. Foster, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Stinchfield, the veteran piano tuner, was in town, Friday, tuning instruments.

Mr. Frank Myhrall returned to Portland Sunday, after spending two weeks in Bethel.

Keep in mind the ice cream sale at Kimball Park to-morrow evening, the 31st. Price 10c.

Miss Burnham returned Thursday from a delightful vacation spent in Portland and vicinity.

F. B. Merrill is filling the vacancy made by the resignation of H. H. Plumley, former clerk at Prospect Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Twitchell of Hanover, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Twitchell.

Squire Hastings is spending his annual vacation in the hay fields on his father's farm at "The Meeting of the Waters."

Alpha New England Salad Cream, containing no oil, is the kind that is proving popular at Lucas' Home Bakery.

Poplar Hotel up Bear river, has over fifty guests; the new cottages are nearly completed and the owners are occupying them.

Miss M. A. Hastings of Auburn, arrived on Saturday to visit some weeks with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hastings.

Mrs. Nora Marsden who has been enjoying a vacation in Bethel, returned to her position in the Massachusetts General Hospital, yesterday.

Mr. Myron Pillsbury has been doing a fine job of grading on Mr. Walker's lot where the old house has been removed. Mr. Pillsbury is getting quite a reputation as a landscape gardener.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Florence who have been living at North West Bethel for the past three years, start next Sunday for Norwich, Vt., where Mr. Morgan and Mr. Florence have bought a farm.

Full and complete operation of the stamp mill of the famous old White Swan mines at Baker, City, Oregon, was started up on the morning of July 21, at which time ore was hoisted from the lower levels and run through the stamps. No stock for sale by the company.

Those who attended the Universalist fair last year will remember the skill displayed by Master Raymond Foster from Everett, Mass., in playing the violin. We are happy to announce that he is to favor us again this year and will play for us on Tuesday evening at Odeon Hall. Secure your tickets for "Hunker's Postoffice" and hear him.

Mrs. Mary E. Chandler passed through Bethel en route for South Paris Tuesday afternoon. Fred P. Chandler, her son, met her in Montreal and accompanied her to his home. Mrs. Chandler left Denver, Col. some weeks ago, but was delayed by the floods in Texas and decided to remain for two weeks with friends at Grand Rapids, Mich. for rest.

A. F. Copeland has gone on a business trip of a few weeks.

Mrs. Melinda Bean visited friends at West Bethel yesterday.

Mrs. Norman Gehring went to her new home in Portland, Saturday.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. E. E. Whitney Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Will Bean and little son of New York, are guests at Mr. Nathan Bean's.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen O. Chapman of Portland spent Sunday at Prospect Inn.

Miss Annie Turner is enjoying a much needed vacation at her home in New Vineyard.

Mr. Walter Wight has been very seriously ill the past week, but was much better this morning.

Miss Cora Bean is enjoying her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bean.

Mrs. Twitchell, widow of the late Dr. Twitchell of Madison, Wis., has been visiting Mrs. Ada Wight.

The W. C. T. U. held a meeting with Mrs. H. Packard last week, and will meet next week with Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Vitella M. Davis has purchased of Mr. E. C. Rowe the field on the Grover hill road near the steam mill.

Mr. A. B. Tyler has purchased the J. M. Kenerson place at So. Bethel, and with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, will reside there.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will hold a lawn party and ice cream sale at Kimball Park to-morrow evening, (Thursday.) Bring your company.

Mrs. Rose P. Houghtaling of Philadelphia, Pa., and her little grandson, Cecil Smith of Boston, Mass., are visiting her brother, H. A. Packard.

Judge and Mrs. A. E. Herrick returned Tuesday noon from their pleasure trip to Niagara Falls, and report having enjoyed the brief vacation very much.

Wesley K. Woodbury and family of Pottsville, Pa., arrived at the home of J. U. Purinton last Saturday. They expect to start for their home next Monday.

Misses Felician and Maria Barker of Auburn, Mass., are guests of their brother, Mr. John Barker.

Mrs. Arthur Barker and child are also visiting Mr. Barker's parents.

Miss Lilla Stearns has purchased the interest of Mrs. Bradbury in the millinery business of Bradbury & Stearns on Main street and will conduct the business alone. Mrs. Bradbury has returned to her home in West Paris.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at Prospect Inn, Bethel Hills, Me., for the week ending July 27, 1902:

Mrs. H. H. Bryant and Miss Parola, Waterville.

E. M. Thayer, So. Paris.

J. F. Lamb, Lewiston.

J. F. Shaw, Mt. Holy, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kilborn, W. T. Kilborn, Jr., and K. B. Kilborn, Portland.

G. A. Merrill and wife, New Sharon.

Mrs. O. C. Young, Mrs. L. H. Hopkins, City.

Dr. and Mrs. B. P. Bradbury, Norway.

P. B. Rolfe and wife, Portland.

Dr. E. D. Small, Portland.

F. H. Lovejoy, Boston.

M. M. Bailey and wife, Portland.

O. E. Schada, Boston.

H. H. Bryant, Waterville.

Cullen C. Chapman and wife, Portland.

Miss Edith W. Cushman, Chas. A. Cushman, Cambridge Mass.

H. H. Hastings, Boston.

Miss F. P. Ingles, Bridgewater, Conn.

Annual Fair.

The ladies of the Universalist Parish will hold their annual variety fair at their chapel on Wednesday, Aug. 6. The articles on sale will be arranged after the manner of the department stores, and competent guides will direct customers—if they need directing.

Supper will be served from six to eight. Ice cream from two till ten.

Admission free. Supper twenty-five cents.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Wagon Poles and Rubber Aprons for Carriages at J. C. Billings' Repository.

For Sale.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Aug. 22, 1902.

25c.

25c.

Hunker's Postoffice.

Patrons of Odeon Hall will have a chance to view the inside of a genuine country store; listen to all the gossip of the day; make the acquaintance of Uncle Doolittle, who "has buttoned his shirt up and down the front for more'n eighty year," learn valuable remedies for croup and toothache, and get other information equally useful, next Tuesday evening, when the roaring farce, Hunker's Postoffice, will be presented by the following cast for the benefit of the Universalist Society:

Mr. True.

Mrs. True.

Uncle Doo.

Wash.

Emma.

Mrs. Simpkins.

Mrs. Green.

Reuben.

Mr. Hill.

Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Hill.

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Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Hill.

Barbara Carter

Susan King

Gladys Wiley

Maud Davis

Frank Robertson

Children, Bear, Italian, Neighbors.

Ice cream and cake will be served, and a social dance will follow the entertainment.

The Only One.

Kennebec Journal: Twelve years ago, a horse began cheerfully plodding along a three-mile stretch of track at Fryeburg. It was his business to pull a car from one end of the line to the other and then pull it back again. The whole burden of operating the system rested upon him. If he had balked the entire line would have gone on commission. The company owned three cars, but it had no other horse. But his responsibility did not make him proud of presumptuous. Neither was he lonesome, for, while he had no comrades in the service of the Fryeburg Horse Railway company, he was one of a noble army of car horses employed by more than 700 street railroads in the United States. There were 7,341 of his associates working in New England alone, and at least ten times as many in the country at large. That horse, or his successor, is still pulling his car along the Fryeburg track, but in all New England he has not a single surviving mate. The last of his 7,341 companions has disappeared. Think of the lonely grandeur of his position—the pathos and the solemnity of it! In all the 60,000 square miles of territory from Long Island sound to the highlands of the St. Croix, with its five and a half million people, with its millions of driving horses, cows, dogs, pigs and chickens, and its thousands of whizzing trolley cars and automobiles, one single car horse patrols his solitary beat, the sole remnant of a vanished race.

Obituary.

Died at Byron, Ohio, July 22, 1902, Thomas Q. Waterhouse, aged 62 years.

A letter received last week, gives the above sad news. Comrade Waterhouse, a member of 7th Me. Battery, corporal and acting quartermaster sergeant was detailed into the Telegraph Corps while the battery was in front of Petersburg, Va., in 1864, and sent to Fort Powhatan on the James river, where he remained at the close of the war. At the close of the rebellion, Comrade Waterhouse remained in Virginia for ten years, engaged in railroading, then went to Byron, Ohio, where his home has been since. Members of the 7th Maine Battery will remember him as a good soldier, a pleasant comrade and friend.

A. S. C.

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25c.

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25c.

25c.

25c.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office and Residence at
E. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office opposite P. O. BETHEL.

F. E. LESLIE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at
Wormell's Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

SUNDAY
EXCURSIONS

TO
PORTLAND, THE ISLANDS,
HARPSWELL AND
OLD ORCHARD.

Commencing July 20th and each
Sunday thereafter until September
14th, 1902. (Tickets will not be
sold to Old Orchard on September
14th.) Special train will leave
Bethel at 7:11 a. m. Returning from
Portland at 6:15 p. m. Fares for
Round Trip are as follows:

PORTLAND, . . . \$1.00
THE ISLANDS, . . \$1.25
HARPSWELL, . . . \$1.35
OLD ORCHARD, . . \$1.40

For Tickets and full information,
apply to S. F. BALL, Agent Grand
Trunk Railway.

New Line

—OF—
Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Soles.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

CALL AT

R. E. L. FARWELL'S.

and see
what you can find
that is

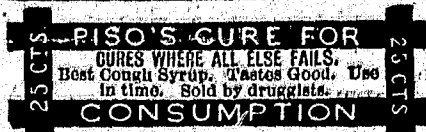
good to eat.

If you don't see what you want,
ask for it.

OUR
HAMMOCKS

Have arrived. As good an as-
sortment as you can find any-
where. Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00.
Better come in and look them
over while the stock is complete.
At the Pharmacy of

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

BLACK
ROCKBy
RALPH
CONNORCHAPTER XIV.
GRAEME'S NEW BIRTH.

HERE was more left in that
grave than old man Nelson's
dead body. It seemed to me
that Graeme left part at least
of his old self there with his dead
friend and comrade in the quiet coun-
try churchyard. I waited long for the
old careless, reckless spirit to appear,
but he was never the same again. The
change was unmistakable, but hard to
define. He seemed to have resolved
his life into a definite purpose. He
was hardly so comfortable a fellow to
be with; he made me feel even more
lazy and useless than was my wont,
but I respected him more and liked
him none the less. As a lion he was
not a success. He would not roar.
This was disappointing to me and to
his friends and mine, who had been
waiting his return with eager expecta-
tion of tales of thrilling and blood-
thirsty adventure.

His first days were spent in making
right, or as nearly right as he could,
the break that drove him to the west.
His old firm—and I have had more re-
spect for the humanity of lawyers ever
since—behaved really well. They pro-
vided the restoration of their confidence
in his integrity and ability by offering

him a place in the firm, which, how-
ever, he would not accept. Then, when
he felt clean, as he said, he posted off
home, taking me with him. During
the railway journey of four hours he
hardly spoke, but when we had left
the town behind and had fairly got
upon the country road that led toward
the home ten miles away his speech
came to him in a great flow. His spir-
its ran over. He was like a boy re-
turning from his first college term. His
very face wore the boy's open, inno-
cent, earnest look that used to attract
men to him in his first college year.
His delight in the fields and woods, in
the sweet country air and the sunlight,
was without bound. How often had
we driven this road together in the
old days!

Every turn was familiar. The swamp
where the tamaracks stood straight and
slim out of their beds of moss; the
brule, as we used to call it, where the
pine stumps, huge and blackened, were
half hidden by the new growth of pop-
lars and soft maples; the big hill,
where we used to get out and walk
where the roads were bad; the orchards,
where the harvest apples were best
and most accessible—all had their
memories.

It was one of those perfect after-
noons that so often come in the early
Canadian summer before nature grows
weary with the heat. The white gravel
road was trimmed on either side with
turf of living green, close cropped by
the sheep that wandered in flocks along
its whole length. Beyond the picture-
scape snake fences stretched the fields
of springing grain, of varying shades of
green, with here and there a dark
brown patch, marking a turnip field or
summer fallow, and far back were the
woods of maple and beech and elm,
with here and there the tufted top of a
mighty pine, the lonely representative
of a vanished race, standing clear
above the humbler trees.

As we drove through the big swamp,
where the yawning, haunted gully
plunges down to its gloomy depths,
Graeme reminded me of that night
when our horse saw something in that
same gully and refused to go past, and
I felt again, though it was broad day-
light, something of the greyness of
that shivered down my back as I saw
in the moonlight the gleam of a white
thing not far through the pine trunks.

As we came nearer home the houses
became familiar. Every house had its
tale. We had eaten or slept in most
of them; we had sampled apples and
cherries and plums from their or-
chards, openly as guests or secretly as
marauders, under cover of night—the
more delightful way, I fear. Ah, hap-
py days, with these innocent crimes
and fleeting remorse, how bravely we
faced them, and how gayly we lived
them, and how yearningly we look
back at them now! The sun was just
dipping into the treetops of the distant
woods behind as we came to the top
of the last hill that overlooked the
valley in which lay the village of River-
dale. Wooded hills stood about it on
three sides, and where the hills faded
out there lay the millpond sleeping and
smiling in the sun. Through the vil-
lage ran the white road, up past the
old frame church and on to the white
manse hiding among the trees. That
was Graeme's home and mine, too, for
I had never known another worthy of
the name. We held up our team to
look down over the valley, with its
rampart of wooded hills, its shining
pond and its nestling village. The
beauty, the peace, the warm, loving
homeliness of the scene, came about
our hearts; but, being men, we could
find no words.

"Let's go!" cried Graeme, and down
the hill we tore and rocked and sway-
ed, to the amazement of the steady
team, whose education from the ear-
liest years had impressed upon their
minds the criminality of attempting to
do anything but walk carefully down a
hill, at least for two-thirds of the way.
Through the village, in a cloud of dust,
we swept, catching a glimpse of a well
known face here and there and flinging
a salutation as we passed, leaving the
owner of the face rooted to his place in

astonishment at the sight of Graeme
whirling on in his old time, well known
reckless manner. Only old Dunc Mc-
Leod was equal to the moment, for as
Graeme called out, "Hello, Dunc!" the
old man lifted up his hands and called
back in an awed voice:

"Bless my soul! Is it yourself?"

"Stands his whisky well, poor old
chap!" was Graeme's comment.

As we neared the church he pulled
up his team, and we went quietly past
the sleepers there, then again on the
full run down the gentle slope, over
the little brook and up to the gate. He
had hardly got his team pulled up be-
fore, flinging me the lines, he was out
over the wheel, for coming down the
walk, with her hands lifted high, was
a dainty little lady, with the face of
an angel. In a moment Graeme had
her in his arms. I heard the faint cry,
"My boy, my boy!" and got down on
the other side to attend to my off
horse, surprised to find my hands trem-
bling and my eyes full of tears. Back
upon the steps stood an old gentleman,
with white hair and flowing beard,
handsome, straight and stately,
Graeme's father, waiting his turn.

"Welcome home, my lad!" was his
greeting as he kissed his son, and the
tremor of his voice and the sight of the
two men kissing each other, like won-
der, sent me again to my horses' heads.

"There's Connor, mother!" shouted
out Graeme, and the dainty little lady,
in her black silk and white lace, came
out to me quickly, with outstretched
hands.

"You, too, are welcome home," she
said and kissed me.

I stood with my hat off, saying some-
thing about being glad to come, but
wishing that I could get away before
I should make quite a fool of myself,
for as I looked down upon that beauti-
ful face, pale, except for a faint flush
upon each faded cheek, and read the
story of pain endured and conquered,
and as I thought of all the long years
of waiting and of vain hoping, I found
my throat dry and sore, and the words
would not come. But her quick sense
needed no words, and she came to my
help.

"You will find Jack at the stable,"
she said, smiling. "He ought to have
been here."

The stable! Why had I not thought
of that before? Thankfully now my
words came.

"Yes, certainly, I'll find him, Mrs.
Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a
scapegrace as ever." And off I went
to look up Graeme's young brother,
who had given every promise in the
old days of developing into as stirring
a rascal as one could desire, but who,
as I found out later, had not lived
these years in his mother's home for
nothing.

"Oh, Jack's a good boy!" she an-
swered, smiling again, as she turned
toward the other two, now waiting for
her upon the walk.

The week that followed was a happy
one for us all, but for the mother it
was full to the brim with joy. Her
sweet face was full of content, and in
her eyes rested a great peace. Our
days were spent driving about among
the hills or strolling through the map-
le woods or down into the tamarack
swamp, where the pitcher plants and
the swamp lilies and the marigold
waved above the deep moss. In the
evenings we sat under the trees on the
lawn till the stars came out and the
night dews drove us in. Like two lov-
ers, Graeme and his mother would
wander off together, leaving Jack and
me to each other. Jack was reading,
for divinity and was really a fine, man-
ly fellow, with all his brother's turn
for Rugby, and I took to him amazing-
ly, but after the day was over we
would gather about the supper table,
and the talk would be of all things
under heaven—art, football, theology.
The mother would lead in all. How
quick she was, how bright her fancy,
how subtle her intellect, and through
all a gentle grace, very winning and
beautiful to see!

Do what I would, Graeme would
talk little of the mountains and his
life there.

"My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme,"
I complained. "He simply will not."

"You should twist his tail," said
Jack.

"That seems to be the difficulty,"
Jack said to his mother, "to get hold of
his tail."

"Oh, mother," groaned Jack, "you
never did such a thing before! How
could you? Is it this baleful western
influence?"

"I shall reform, Jack," she replied
brightly.

"But, seriously, Graeme," I remon-
strated, "you ought to tell your people
of your life, that free, glorious life in
the mountains."

"Free! Glorious! To some men per-
haps!" said Graeme and then fell into
silence.

But I saw Graeme as a new man the
night he talked theology with his
father. The old minister was a splen-
did Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he
discussed of God's sovereignty and
election his face glowed and his voice
rang out.

Graeme listened intently, now and
then putting in a question, as one
would a keen knife thrust into a foe,
but the old man knew his ground and
moved easily among his ideas, demoli-
shing the enemy as he appeared with

jaunty grace. In the full flow of his
triumphant argument Graeme turned
to him with sudden seriousness.

"Look here, father, I was born a
Calvinist, and I can't see how any one
with a level head can hold anything
else than that the Almighty has some
idea as to how he wants to run his uni-
verse, and he means to carry out his
idea and is carrying it out. But what
would you do in a case like this?"

Then he told the story of poor Billy
Green, his fight and his defeat.

"Would you preach election to that
chap?"

The mother's eyes were shining with
tears.

The old gentleman blew his nose like
a trumpet and then said gravely:

"No, my boy. You don't feed babes
with meat. But what came to him?"

Then Graeme asked me to finish the
tale. After I had finished the story of
Billy's final triumph and of Craig's
part in it they sat long silent till the
minister, clearing his throat hard and
blowing his nose more like a trumpet
than ever, said, with great emphasis:

"Thank God for such a man in such
a place! I wish there were more of us
like him."

"I should like to see you out there,
sir," said Graeme admiringly. "You'd
get them, but you wouldn't have time
for election."

"Yes, yes," said his father warmly;
"I should love to have a chance just
to preach election to those poor lads.
Would I were twenty years younger!"

"It is worth a man's life," said
Graeme earnestly.

His younger brother turned his face
eagerly toward the mother. For an-
swer she slipped her hand into his and
said softly, while her eyes shone like
stars:

"Some day, Jack, perhaps. God
knows."

But Jack only looked steadily at her,
smiling a little and patting her hand.

"You'd shine there, mother," said
Graeme, smiling upon her. "You'd bet-
ter come with me."

She started and said faintly:

"With you?" It was the first hint he
had given of his purpose. "You are
going back?"

"What—as a missionary?" said Jack;
"Not to preach, Jack—I'm not ortho-
dox enough," looking at his father and
shaking his head—"but to build rail-
roads and lend a hand to some poor
chap if I can."

"Could you not find work nearer
home, my boy?" asked the father.

"There is plenty of both kinds near us
here surely."

"Lots of work, but not mine, I fear,"
answered Graeme, keeping his eyes
away from his mother's face. "A man
must do his own work."

His voice was quiet and resolute,
and, glancing at the beautiful face at
the end of the table, I saw in the pale
lips and yearning eyes that the mother
was offering up her firstborn, that an-
cient sacrifice. But not all the agony
of sacrifice could wring from her en-
treaty or complaint in the hearing of
her sons. That was for other ears and
for the silent hours of the night. And
next morning, when she came down to
meet us, her face was wan and weary,
but it wore the peace of victory and a
glory not of earth. Her greeting was
full of dignity, sweet and gentle, but
when she came to Graeme she lingered
over him and kissed him twice, and
that was all that any of us ever saw
of that sore fight.

At the end of the week I took leave
of them and last of all of the mother.

She hesitated just a moment, then
suddenly put her hands upon my shoul-
ders and kissed me, saying softly:

"You are his friend. You will some-
times come to me?"

"Gladly, if I may," I hastened to an-
swer, for the sweet, brave face was
too much to bear, and till she left us
for that world of which she was a
part I kept my word, to my own great
and lasting good.

When Graeme met me in the city at
the end of the summer, he brought me
her love and then burst forth:

"Connor, do you know, I have just
discovered my mother. I have never
known her till this summer."

"More fool you," I answered, for of-
ten had I, who had never known a
mother, envied him his.

"Yes; that is true," he answered
shortly, "but you cannot see until you
have eyes."

Before he set out again for the west
I gave him a supper, asking the men
who had been with us in the old vari-
ety days. I was doubtful as to the
wisdom of this and was persuaded
only by Graeme's eager assent to my
proposal.

"Certainly; let's have them," he said.
"I shall be awfully glad to see them.
Great stuff they were."

"But I don't know, Graeme. You see
—well, hang it—you know—you're dif-
ferent, you know."

He looked at me curiously.

"I hope I can still stand a good sup-
per, and if the boys can't stand me,
why, I can't help it. I'll do anything
but roar, and don't you begin to work
off your menagerie act. Now, you hear
me!"

"Well, it is rather hard lines that
when I have been talking up my lion
for a year and then finally secure him
he will not roar."

"Serves you right," he replied quite
heartlessly. "But I'll tell you what
I'll do—I'll feed! Don't you worry,"
he added soothingly. "The supper will
go."

And go it did. The supper was of the
best, the wines first class. I had asked
Graeme about the wines.

"Do as you like, old man," was his
answer. "It's your supper. But," he
added, "are the men all straight?"

"I ran them over in my mind."

"Yes, I think so."

"If not, don't you help them down,
and, anyway, you can't be too careful.
But don't mind me. I am quit of the
whole business from this out."

So I ventured wines for the last
time, as it happened.

Continued on Page 6.

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in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his per-
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IOWA

GRAY PERCHERO
8 years old, weighs 1
stands 15 hands high.

Animals of this dra-
prising travelers for h
The Percheron has a
face, showing great i
head is of medium len-
between the eyes. The
and muscular; the ba-
strong; body round a
The hind-quarters are l
the shoulders are very
or part of legs hairy;
and free from disease
height is from fifteen
The general color is g
gray.

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between Norman and Pe
Stud book all animals
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name they are known, i
fact that they are one o
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try, and their merits sh
investigated by anyon
breeding.

Breed to a common ser-
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IOWA BOY will stand
ing the season of 1902
Hanover, Fridays and S
week. Terms \$
M. J. SWAIN, H

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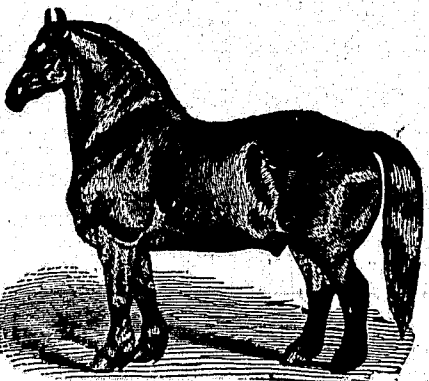
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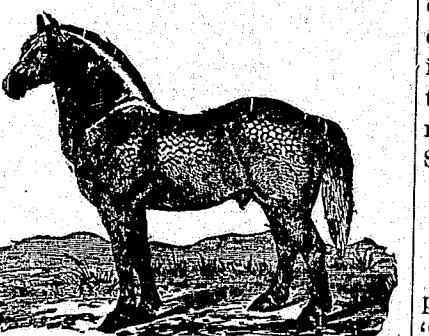
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GRAY PERCHERON STALLION,
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It is very difficult to draw the line between Norman and Percheron. In the Stud book all animals imported from France, are registered either Normans, Percherons, Percheron-Normans or Norman-Percherons. No matter by what name they are known, it is a well-known fact that they are one of the most valuable breeds ever brought to this country, and their merits should be carefully investigated by anyone interested in breeding.

Bred to a common sense, general-purpose horse. Come and see him. IOWA BOY will stand for service during the season of 1902 at my farm in Hanover, Fridays and Saturdays of each week. Terms \$10 to warrant.

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THE HOME.

What Have We Done To-day?

NIXON WATERMAN.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?
We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?
We shall reap such joys in the by and by,

But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

To complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—Fitz Osborne.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion, and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—Seneca.

The Book Room.

The home library is the company thought-room of the house. "One takes her best behavior into the presence of the guests assembled there." There is a harmony of thought forces in the book room of one's house. Having books, and loving them, who can deny herself a library?

But there is such a difference in libraries, and it is all in the attitude of the owner toward it. Sometimes it seems as if the very books themselves were unresponsive, and cold and unfriendly; and yet they are the same books that are so dearly loved in other surroundings. It is because they seem in this environment so cold and so set apart.

For books are like human friends. If one would have them responsive and sympathetic, they should be treated as friends and not as strangers, set where they can be easily reached, and where they can send out their helpful, beneficial influences on a level with one's brain and heart.

And, after all, it is not so much of a matter if one has no separate room which she can set apart as a library, or if she cannot spare a corner in the sitting room for the books; there is still the parlor.

Is there one who does not think that the parlor is a place for books? That they are not good enough for this room of state? Then is she sadly mistaken, and needs that some one should read her a lesson.

Any book good enough for the family to read is good enough to live in the parlor. If one does not consider it eligible for this exalted station, it is not wholesome to be read, in which case it has its own value as kindling, and may be well used for that purpose. The only one reason why books are possibly more appropriately placed in a sitting room is that it is the family living room, and one likes her friends to be in close communion with her.

It is the library atmosphere that one wants in her library room, whether it is a special room, the sitting room or the parlor, which has been raised from its first estate of cold stiffness, and made habitable and hospitable by the friendly books gathered within its walls.

Somewhere in the house must love books with a genuine affection, or the library atmosphere is not possible, no matter how many volumes there may be upon the shelves. They are either the most formal of guests or the most sulen of prisoners. But when one

THE PRESIDENT

Of the City Council, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Cured of Rheumatism.

Co. Wm. J. Harvey, a president of Wilkesbarre's city council, who will long be remembered for his great work for the city, was once a mere physical wreck, torn in every muscle and nerve from the frightful pains caused by rheumatism. He consulted the best physicians, went abroad, took mud baths, and almost every known treatment for the disease. One of the city officials had had a very similar experience and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him, so he recommended this great kidney medicine to his friend, and Col. Harvey is to-day a well man, hale and hearty. In his own abrupt way he states his case:

DR. DAVID KENNEDY,
Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I was permanently cured of rheumatism by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

WM. J. HARVEY.
Nothing could be more direct or more to the point than this simple statement.

Rheumatism is but another name for uric acid poisoning which is caused primarily by diseased kidneys. Cure your kidneys and the rheumatism disappears.

For all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, as well as sicknesses peculiar to women, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is unquestionably the greatest medicine known to the medical profession.

All druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation
Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radical cure Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in Head. 50c.

loves them they are the most adaptable of friends, lending themselves alike to the surroundings of luxury or of simple, comfortable homeliness. And in connection with this subject let me advise you to always supply your guest chamber with a half dozen entertaining books; no matter if they are in paper covers; and perhaps it would be well to have paper-covered ones, and then our loss would not be so great should a friend unthinkingly pack the unfinished volume in her grip, on departure, to while away the dull hours on the train. These little breaches of etiquette and good faith are bound to occur, and why not prepare for and be resigned to the inevitable. There are so many dull half hours for the guest; half hours when the hostess is busy about her duties or entertaining a caller, or when the guest wants to get out of company clothes, and donning a wrapper, takes "solid comfort" in the restful solitude of her own room, and feels at liberty to shed as many tears or laugh as merrily as she wishes over the "haps" and mishaps of a pet hero or heroine.

In the Sick Room.

Nerves of the sick are very acute, and it is positive torture to them to see the door open silently and a figure creep in on tiptoe. No one would dream of bursting the door open, or even turning the handle with a rattle, but there is a medium course to pursue.

Walk in quietly, but without any undue and ostentatious silence. Go straight up to the bed, and speak in an everyday tone, and, without asking any tiresome questions, commence speaking of matters which you know will interest, but not irritate, the patient. Let your visit be short, and when you rise to leave the room say your "good-bye" briefly, and go at once, avoiding any of that lingering which is both annoying and wearying to the invalid.

When visiting a sick friend dress with a certain amount of care and forethought; do not put on your dustiest and shabbiest clothes, and, on the other hand, avoid anything that rustles and fidgets the patient. Some people like to take flowers into the sick room. It is as well to ascertain beforehand, from some member of the family, what kind of flower is liked by the patient. A powerful perfume sometimes causes a headache, and even nausea.

Self-Reliance.

Children want, above all, to be taught self-reliance. Many women pride themselves greatly on being all in all to their husbands and children. In such a woman's house the query is reiterated all day long, "Where's mother? I want my hat or coat." "Where's mother? I want to play at something."

And mother comes for the twentieth time, and does for her husband and child what no individual could do for himself. Women who will act in this way require their eyes opened to the wrong they are unknowingly doing. It is difficult to tell them, sweet and gentle as they invariably are, that they are wearing themselves out in a bad cause; that every time Jack's hat is found for him, and Mary is provided with a new game, they are injuring the child so dearly loved.

Women should realize the truth of the words: "An eager desire to save those we love, trouble and inconvenience, is but a vicarious gratification of self."

HINTS.

In making sherbets the quality is improved, according to most tastes, by the addition of white of eggs or gelatin. The creamy consistency gives the ice greater delicacy. For ice cream it is safer, especially in hot weather, to cook the milk, cream, or custard used.

Some persons find that they can sleep better in hot weather with no pillow at all. It is always well to have the pillow as thin as possible and of hair.

Never throw water from boiled beans down the sink; it leaves an odor no sweeter than the water in which cabbage has been cooked.

Half a tablespoon of mustard mixed with the water poured over beans in the baking gives a fine flavor and makes beans more easily digested.

Do as much housework as possible out-of-doors. This is not so Irish as it may sound, since many routine tasks may be done as well on the back piazza as in the kitchen—stringing beans, shelling peas, peeling potatoes, preparing berries, etc., all may be done in the open air. In the country it is not at all uncommon to see a woman washing out under the apple trees.

Some one has advised making two wash days during the hot weather. By this plan the starched and personal clothing could be done at one time, the table linen, bedding, and towels at another, and the work would be over in the morning.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelley relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelley is a well-known citizen of Henderson, N. C.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

An old Irish woman came into the little grocery store on the corner every evening for weeks and always bought a large box of matches. Rarely did she buy anything else. Finally the curiosity of the grocer became overpowering.

"I know it's not my business," he said to her one evening, "but I'd really like to know just why you buy so many matches?"

"Sure, I'll tell you," she answered: "me husband is deaf and dumb, and lately he's been talking in his sleep. I use the matches to see what he says."

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

G. R. WILEY.

LATEST POPULAR MUSIC

BULLETIN No. 5.

Following is a list of New Popular Music, consisting of the VERY LATEST SUCCESSES IN SONGS, CAKE-WALKS, MARCHES, TWO STEPS, WALTZES, ETC.

We have a larger variety and better assortment of popular music than ever before, and are in a position to supply our customers with

Popular Music at Popular Prices.

Following is a list of GUARANTEED HITS. These are the most popular pieces selected from our stock, and we would recommend them to all desiring the latest music.

19c

We will send the following by mail, postpaid for 20 Cents each.

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VOCAL.

The Lily or The Rose,
Why the Convent Bells were Ringing,
In the Valley of Kentucky,
Jennie Lee,

A Picture without a Frame,
'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill,
When My Little Dolly Died,
Way Down in Old Indiana,
My Home Now of the Past,
A Little Boy in Blue,
A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,
What'd Yo' do wid de Letter Mr. Johnson,
Nobody Ever Brings Presents to Me,
I'm Tired,

I'll be There Mary Dear,
She's Sleeping by the James,
Just a Little World of Two,
On a Sunday Afternoon,
The Tie That Binds,
The Brotherhood of Man,
Oh What a Lovely Dream,
Who's Your Friend,
Come Kiss Yo' Mammy Good Night,
Weezy, The Song of the Minstrel Man,
Ida Dunn, (I'd a done most any one for Ida Dunn),
I Just Can't Help from Lovin' that Man,
In the Heart of the Mighty Deep,
No More of Dat Man for Me,

Why Did we Drift Apart,
When the Blue Sky turns to Gold,
When the Birds go North Again,
Josephine My Jo,
I Got Mine,
On Broadway,
My Bamboo Queen,
A Rose with a Broken Stem,
Ma Southern Belle.

The Wedding of Reuben and the Maid,
Mr. Volunteer, (You don't belong to the Regulars.)

Philip Staats
Chattaway
Max Witt
Brynn
Cartwell
Sloane
Harry Von Tilzer
Evans

Dougherty
Maurice Levi
Paul Dresser

INSTRUMENTAL.

A Signal from Mars, March and Two-Step,
Cherie Waltzes,
The Varsity Girl, March and Two-Step,
Creole Belles, March and Two-Step,
Leading Lady Waltzes,
Our Director, March,
Blaze Away, March and Two-Step,
The Grasshopper's Hop,
The Donkey Lough,
Shame and Shakespeare, March and Two-Step,
With Fire and Sword, March and Two-Step,
Carmelita, Mexican Dance,
Prisoner of War March,
Roma Dance, Characteristic,
The Strollers, March and Two-Step,
Loop the Loop, Two-Step,
Bugville Brigade, Characteristic Piece,
Maid of the Mist, Schottische,
Isis, Intermezzo,
In a Cozy Corner, Novelette,
Soldiers of Fortune, March,
Bowery Buck, Ragtime Two-Step,

E. T. Paull
Carroll L. Nichols
Fred T. Ashton
Lampe
Comstock
F. E. Bigelow
Abe Holzmann
Sadie Koninsky
Howard Whitney
Wilson Schwartz
Johnson
L. V. Gustin
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Jos. Clauder
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in development on the ledge and a complete five stamp mill with all other necessary machinery ready to run.

The Ozark is not a prospect, but a mine that has produced. We are placing 100,000 shares of development stock at 25c per share, capital stock 1,000,000 shares (par value \$1.00 each), fully paid and non-assessable, to further develop and put the property on a paying basis.

A property lying near the Ozark, with nowhere as good a showing and very little development, sold last week to a New York syndicate for \$200,000. The Ozark will pay dividends and be worth par inside of six months. This is the best investment for the money that has ever been offered to the investing public.

Do not lose this opportunity. It will never come again. For further particulars, prospectus, report of the property, etc., address

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1902.

It is well to aim high, but few newspapers will ever attain the height of "Among the Clouds."

It is estimated that the Sarah Ware affair which is still unsolved has already cost Hancock County \$20,000.

There must have been a house-cleaning in the Arkansas criminal ranks last week. Six men (two white) were hanged there for murder last Friday.

Secretary of War Root and other high war functionaries rode seventy miles in a mule wagon recently, and learned more of the minor horrors of war than they had imagined.

The new offices being built for the President will contain one of the finest rooms for the accommodation of the newspaper men that has ever been fitted up in this country.

Among the list of eight patents granted to Maine inventors, last week, is one to G. E. Horr, Norway Lake on a cattle stall, and one to H. McFadden, Rumford Falls, on a means for chaining logs.

A gun recently tested by the War Department at the Indian Head proving grounds developed a muzzle energy of 14,000 tons and at 3,000 yards can penetrate a Harveyized plate 10.3 inches in thickness and a Krupp plate 8.25 inches in thickness.

The resuscitation of a boy who had been under water for twenty-five minutes by a life guard at one of the summer resorts this summer, leads to the question: How many people have lost their lives from a lack of persistence on the part of rescuers in their efforts to restore animation?

Modern physiology attributes more than half of the diseases to which man is heir to fatigue. Physiologists say that excessive fatigue is induced by late hours, immoderate brain work and bad air, and that men fail to recuperate because they make no effort to sleep a sufficient number of hours.

Robert Craig, one of the most influential sugar planters in Jamaica states that the recent offer of the imperial government of \$50,000 to help the sugar industry is an insult and will increase the clamor for annexation to the United States. He says: "I do not doubt that annexation will come in the near future."

After the Warren line steamer Sachem had made fast at her dock in Charlestown, Mass., Monday, ten days out from Liverpool, a stowaway, Henry A. Ritty, was found in the hold. He had lived ten terrible days on a half a loaf of bread and without a drop of drinking water. His condition was pitiable and he was restored to consciousness only by careful treatment of physicians. He may recover. He claims to be an American citizen.

TRUE'S
Pin Worm
ELIXIR
The only safe, reliable, and effective remedy for pin worms in children or adults. See your druggist.
DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

STATE NEWS.

The soft coal nuisance is making its way into the Pine Tree State.

Sheriff Pearson is very ill at Poland Springs, and his recovery is much in doubt.

Frank Merrill, a Portland policeman, dropped dead while attending a fire Monday night.

A woman who came from Somerville, Mass., died of small pox in Hampden, Wednesday.

Edward Simpson, a Maine Central employe at Waterville, was killed Sunday morning while uncoupling cars.

The East branch drive is expected at Oldtown within a week. It contains between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 feet of logs.

Mrs. E. Henry Mahiman drowned herself while temporarily insane, at Lubec, Thursday. She was 90 years of age and leaves a husband.

Louie Edwards of Bridgton has a swarm of bees from which he has gathered this year one hundred and thirty-seven pounds of honey, the retail price of which is 25c.

During the excavating at Union square, Bangor, the workmen have unearthed a network of drain and sewer pipes and an old brick sewer, said to have been built in 1873.

Hattie Manuel, the colored woman who was accused of putting arsenic into George Collin's whiskey, at Brunswick, last spring, has been arrested and taken to Portland.

Joseph McCarthy of Montreal was drowned by falling from the Maine Central railroad bridge between Bangor and Brewer Thursday afternoon. He was 26 years of age and unmarried.

Arthur Frank Durgin, son of Landlord Frank Durgin of the Windsor hotel, Bangor, was instantly killed last Thursday by falling down a shaft in the Cash mine, Prescott, Arizona.

Moses F. Berry of Bridgton, who was taken to the insane asylum a few days ago for dementia resulting from the drowning of his son, died at that institution Monday. He had stubbornly refused to take any nourishment or water and his death was caused by choking.

Merton, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Pitney Fuller of Winslow, was thrown from his horse Sunday afternoon and killed. The boy had been to the pasture with the cows and was returning, when the saddle turned under the horse throwing him to the road.

The Queen City hotel at Bangor was burned Thursday night causing a loss of \$14,000; insurance, \$7,000. The guests reached the street in safety. The building is owned by William J. Cassidy. The blaze started in the Central Cigar Company's dry-room, on the top floor.

Two gravel cars collided on the new Freeport electric road, Wednesday evening, by which one motorman, Jack Chaplin, lost his right leg, and Melville Soule, motorman of the other car received such internal injuries as to make his recovery doubtful. The line was opened for travel Thursday.

A Portland driver of a heavy lumber team was so frightened last week that his hair almost turned white. He had a big load on and was driving up Fore street when suddenly a little girl ran right under his horses' feet. She was knocked down and before the horses could be stopped the team had passed by her. The wheels passed over her head close to her scalp and cut her hair which was red, off as close as a pair of shears could have done it. The girl was not hurt at all and got up and ran home not even minding the loss of the hair.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Outlaw Tracy just about holds the record for cross country racing.

Frank, the eight-year-old son of Joseph Liberty of Rochester, N. H., was caught in a belt and killed while playing in the mill of C. F. Trask & Co., Wednesday afternoon.

James Reeves of Atoka, I. T., has surrendered to the police explaining that it was he who killed his wife, her mother and John Knuckles. He was jealous of Knuckles.

A slot machine lunch-room has been established in Chicago. A nicker in the slot will bring a sandwich, another machine produces a given portion of coffee, a third, pie, etc.

A despatch from the Azore Islands says there has just been a terrific submarine volcanic eruption off Horta, Island of Fayal. A great rock, incandescent with heat, was thrown up. The people were panic stricken.

Putnam J. Ramsdell, the Cambridge, Mass., Christian Scientist, who refused to be vaccinated, died from small pox Thursday night at the special hospital. He was buried at an early hour Friday morning in Cambridge cemetery.

A Chihuahua, Mexico, dispatch reports the robbery of the Wells Fargo express car on the north bound Mexican Central train Wednesday morning of \$53,000. Three Americans are said to have held up the messenger and looted the safe.

It is estimated that English gardeners grew, as an extra supply for the coronation ceremonies and attendant festivities, 60,000,000 red roses which they estimated would sell for four cents each, so that they figure their loss on this flower alone at \$2,400,000.

It is stated that before his death, Bret Harte spent many months on an opera depicting western cow-boy life, the music for which has been composed by Emanuel Moor, a Hungarian. It is hoped that the opera libretto may be completed and the opera produced.

A technical commission has ordered the demolition of the Santo Stefano clock tower in Venice which has shown signs of collapse. Several houses also have been ordered to be demolished and other precautionary measures have been taken. Three hundred thousand volumes of the library in the Ducal palace are being removed as danger is feared to the back facade of the palace.

After killing a Mexican sheep herder named Sam Galaxea, and slaughtering several thousand sheep, a band of 150 masked men surrounded all the sheep camps and forced the sheep men to abandon their flocks. After killing one herd of 2,000, 25 other herds amounting to about 65,000 sheep, were driven into the mountains. The sheep men have been threatened with instant death if they go after their flocks. The sheep are now the prey of wild animals and the loss will be very heavy. The scene of the lawlessness is within 115 miles of Lander, Wyoming. The militia may be called out to protect the sheepmen.

After fighting a battle of eight rounds that was fraught with brilliant and courageous work, Robert Fitzsimmons last Friday night forfeited his last claim upon the heavy-weight championship. He was knocked to the floor by James Jeffries and counted out after he had so badly punished the champion that it was a foregone conclusion among the spectators that the Cornishman must win. Bleeding from a number of gashes in the face, apparently weakening, and clearly unable to cope with Fitzsimmons' superior skill, Jeffries delivered two lucky punches as Fitzsimmons paused in his fighting to speak to him, and turned the tide. The battle was brief but noteworthy and will live in pugilist history.

Bed Rock Prices on TINWARE.

We are prepared to sell the best tinware made at figures that tell their own story. The following are a few prices.

"WHY NOT WRITE US?"
Pieced Cups.....3 cents
Measuring Cups.....5 cents
Covered Buckets.....5 cents
Liquid Measures.....5 cents
Funnels.....3 cents
Vegetable Graters.....5 cents
Apple Covers.....5 cents
Ring Handle Scoops.....4 cents
Doughnut Cutters.....5 cents
Fancy Cake Cutters.....5 cents
Scalloped Tubed Pans.....8 cents
Milk Skimmers.....4 cents
Deep Pudding Pans.....4 cents
Deep Muffin Cups.....3 cents
Patty Pans.....1 cent
Pie Plates.....4 cents
Dinner Plates.....4 cents
Cake Pans.....4 cents
Basting Spoons.....4 cents
Pot Covers.....4 cents

New England Home Furnishing Co., No. 92 Cross St., Portland, Me.

The London Standard says that his majesty will only be able to attend the coronation in a bath chair as an invalid.

Fire destroyed the shoe factory at the Kansas State penitentiary Monday. The flames were got under control after two hours' work. Loss about \$20,000. Cause unknown.

At Harris station California a fissure is reported to have been opened by the earthquake disturbance of the first of the week and from it a stream of water two feet deep and 18 feet wide is now flowing.

One million dollars in treasure was brought by the steamship Roanoke which arrived at Seattle, Wash., from Nome and St. Michaels Monday. This is the largest shipment from the Nome diggings this season.

A head-on collision occurred Monday between two trains of the Brooklyn elevated which resulted in the derailling of six cars, the wrecking of two, and the injury of a number of persons, at least two fatally.

A terrific thunder and lightning storm visited Pittsburg, Pa., Monday evening, causing three deaths and much property damage. It is safe to say that 250 buildings—residences, stables and outhouses—were struck by lightning in that district during the twenty-five minutes the storm prevailed.

The whereabouts of Wilbur Clark, the four-year-old son of Harry W. Clark of Beverly, Mass., promises to be an unsolved mystery despite the unceasing efforts of thousands of searchers who have been seeking during the past five weeks to obtain some trace of him.

Harry Tracy, the outlaw, appeared at Miller's logging camp, four miles from Kansasket, Wednesday, and ate dinner. Tracy is not wounded and looks fresh and rested. He is wearing a derby hat, but he had a slouch hat in his pocket. He still has his rifle and two revolvers and has a good supply of ammunition.

G. F. McElhinney, who had reached St. Louis, Mo., from his home at Guanajuato, Mexico, en route to New York, was robbed at the Union Station of a valise containing deeds and shares of mining property in old Mexico valued at from \$125,000 to \$200,000. The police later found the missing bag in a lumber yard, where it had evidently been secreted by the thief. Nothing was missing.

Frank Carlson and George Baldwin, each aged nineteen years, of Portland, Oregon, quarrelled over two girls, to whom both were paying attention. Carlson challenged Baldwin to fight. The fight took place with bare knuckles in the presence of friends and relatives of both boys. Carlson received a blow in the stomach and fell. When picked up he was dead.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Bliss College

is the most thoroughly equipped school of business in the State of Maine. All its graduates are assured of positions. We offer a discount of 25 per cent. We secure positions for students to work for their board while attending school. Write for beautifully illustrated catalog.
Address O. D. BLISS, Manager, Lewiston, Maine.

FALL TERM Commences Monday, September 8, 1902.

BICYCLES

REDUCED PRICES.

All the Wheels I have on hand I offer while they last, at greatly reduced prices. Including Gent's Wheels, some new and second-hand, from \$6.00 to \$20.00, and Ladies' from \$12.50 to \$17.50.
SUNDRIES AND REPAIRING. WHEELS TO LET.

EDWARD KING, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, BETHEL, - - - MAINE.



SHOES THAT RISE
in quality above the merely good, are the really excellent goods in this stock. It's a representative assortment: no kind of shoe that is of good style being missing from the line. Men's and Women's Oxfords are in the foremost rank just now, and the demand for these increase as earlier purchasers spread their fame abroad. We also have a full line of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases. Prices are always right. Yours truly,

...Smiley Shoe Store,...

Norway Maine.

E. N. Swett, Manager and Salesman. F. W. Faunce, Salesman.
Eastern Telephone Store, 112-3. E. N. Swett's Residence, 112-12.

Cold Soda, PURE Ice Cream

Lowney's and Schrafft's

CONFECTIONERY

RECEIVED DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.

FINE CIGARS, the Popular Brands.

The Standard Magazines.

Cameras, Kodaks and Photographic

SUPPLIES AT

Wiley's Drug Store.

MY AD-WRITING SERVICE
IS A SPLENDID TONIC
FOR ANY BUSINESS
WHICH HAS "THAT
TIRED FEELING."

PATRONS SAY:—

"Our sale was a big success, thanks to your ads."—"I hear from your ads frequently."—"It brought me good returns."—"They (my ads) certainly do bring in trade."—"Your booklets are admirable."—"May we renew contract with you?" etc., etc.

Let me tell you more about my Work and Methods. Ask, and I'll write.

FRED H. CLIFFORD,

77 Morse-Oliver Building,
BANGOR, MAINE.

FOR SALE.

Ten Cows and some

matched Calves.

H. S. HASTINGS.

Notice of Foreclosure of Mortgage of Real Estate.

Whereas, the Maine Chautauqua Union, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Maine, and having its place of business in Portland, in the County of Cumberland in said State, by its Mortgage deed of August 21st, 1897, duly executed, acknowledged and delivered, and recorded in Oxford Western District Registry of Deeds in Book 88, Page 218, conveyed to Abbie C. Staples of Bridgton in said County of Cumberland, the following described real estate situated in Fryeburg, County of Oxford and State of Maine, formerly known as the Martha's Grove Camp Ground, together with all the buildings thereon and appurtenances thereto appertaining, which belonged to said corporation, and being the same and all of the property which was conveyed to said corporation by Freeman Hatch of Cornish by his deed of Warranty, dated May 2nd, 1894, and recorded in said Registry in Book 81, Pages 280, 280 and 281, and which said property is now known as "The Chautauqua Ground." Said land is bounded as follows, viz: Northwesterly by the Saco River; Northeasterly by land of Dexter Willey; Southeasterly by the Lovell & Fryeburg Road; Southerly by heirs of I. B. Bradley.

And Whereas, the said Abbie C. Staples did, thereafter, on the tenth day of June, 1902, duly assign said mortgage and debt thereby secured unto Freeman Hatch of Cornish, in the County of York and State of Maine, by her assignment in writing, duly recorded in said Registry in Book 90, Page 141;

And Whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now therefore, I, the said Freeman Hatch, owner of said mortgage as aforesaid, hereby give notice of my intention to foreclose said mortgage for breach of the condition thereof.

370
FREDMAN HATCH.
Cornish, Me., July 14th, 1902.

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WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Near Neighbors.

Welcome, bright sunshine!

Geo. W. Briggs of Albany, was in this place Saturday and Sunday. Miss Etta Griffin visited relatives and friends in Gilead last week.

Miss Sadie Wight of Dorchester, Mass., visited her father, Seth Wight, and her sisters and brother here last week.

Otis N. Mason, Pullman-car conductor between Boston and Berlin Falls, spent Sunday here with his mother and sister.

The house which G. D. Merrill recently purchased of A. J. McAllister, is now occupied for the summer by a family from Massachusetts.

Grass when partially dried is not hay, but only a substance for fermentation in the barns, and of less value than good oat straw.

Miss Ethel Allen who has been employed as clerk in A. J. Haskell's store since last fall, is having a needed vacation and rest and out-of-doors airing.

A. J. Haskell is now giving green trading stamps to his cash customers and five hundred entitles the purchaser to a nice premium.

Near this village is what may properly be called "Lone Men's Paradise," there being four houses in a row on the west side of the street, where men do all the household work and womankind have not an abiding place.

BRYANT POND.

Mrs. Mamie Crockett has returned from the Point of Pines. She reports Miss Ola Dudley as improving in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Littlefield and daughter Theo of North Abington, Mass., have been visiting their people here, and are now at Rumford Falls visiting Mrs. Littlefield's sister, Mrs. Harry Elliott.

Mrs. Lois Bean has returned from West Bethel.

Verne and Norman McAllister of the U. S. A. have been ordered with their regiment to Newport for a six weeks' stay.

Although the weather was unpropitious on Tuesday evening, twelve couples availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying the social dance at Camp Christopher, that evening, by invitation of the Misses Bartlett. Music was furnished by Bacon's Orchestra, and a good time was enjoyed by all. Ice cream was served during the evening.

One of our summer boarders spends most of his time on the lake fishing, and thinking it would be more comfortable to have a seat while waiting for the fish to bite, he sat a chair in the boat. Getting a bite, he gave a quick yank, and instead of the fish coming out he went in after it head first. He will henceforth dispense with the chair.

Franklin Grange is making preparations for a fair to be held some time in September. There is some talk of having a juvenile grange organized.

Mr. Alden Doughty and Miss Philbrook visited Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mann, last week.

Rev. W. J. Taylor of Lewiston will preach at the Universalist church Aug. 3, at 10:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Mary Bartlett and family returned to Woodfords Sunday morning, and a large party came the same day to occupy Camp Christopher.

WILSON'S MILLS.

A. F. Brooks and wife of Grafton, were in town last week, visiting their daughter, Mrs. Floyd Searle. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stevens of Mexico, accompanied them.

There was a party at J. W. Carter's last Wednesday evening, the occasion being Mrs. Carter's birthday.

Arthur Savage and Tom Jones went to Errol, N. H. Friday, to take part in the ball game.

Miss Lillian Littlehale has been in town visiting friends and relatives.

The chapel is being built under the direction of Arthur Vincent of Milan, N. H.

E. H. Brooks is at work for D. C. Bennett.

S. W. Bennett has returned home.

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Mrs. Jennie Bates of West Paris was in town last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn, formerly of this place, called on Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Wednesday.

Miss Sally Warren of Westbrook is visiting at Rev. A. W. Pottle's.

Mrs. Cotton of Vermont who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Pulsifer, has returned to her home.

Miss Belle Scribner spent Sunday at her home in West Paris.

Miss Sue Porter has been spending a week at Concord Lake.

Mr. Isaac Monk and family have been spending a short vacation at Wayne.

Mrs. Howard McAllister and children are staying at Mrs. Frank Turner's.

Miss Abbie Starbird is spending this week in Portland.

Mr. Harry Wheeler of Harvard is spending his summer vacation at his home here.

Mr. Fred Jordan was in town a few days last week.

The Universalist Society gave a lawn party on Mrs. Fred Scott's lawn. The place was prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns. A bowling alley furnished amusement, also a graphophone, while the ice cream and punch came in for a good share of patronage.

The local teams of So. Paris and Hebron met on the Fair Grounds and a good lively game was played. Paris won by a score of 9 to 7.

The Pythian Sisterhood installed the following officers Thursday night:

K. of R. & S.—Mrs. Frank Taylor.
C. C.—Mrs. James Wright.
V. C.—Mrs. Cora Everett.
P. C.—Mrs. Dorcas Cutting.
M. at G.—Mrs. Gertrude Littlefield.
A. M. at G.—Mrs. Kate Dunham.
Prelate—Mrs. Minnie Edwards.
M. of F.—Mrs. G. F. Eastman.
M. of Ex.—Mrs. Hiram Porter.
M. O.—Mrs. Annie Fletcher.
Organist—Miss Della McArdle.
O. G.—Annie McKay.
I. G.—Mrs. G. Johnson.

NORWAY.

Jesse Brown has sold his camp, and Porter Seavey the land on which it is located, to James K. True. The camp is near Rufus K. Morrill's.

The engagement is announced of Virginia Eleanor Sargent to Hal Roscoe Eaton of Auburn. Miss Sargent is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sargent, a gifted musician and highly esteemed by her many pupils and friends. Mr. Eaton was formerly a teacher in the Edward Little High School, Auburn, and is now principal of Paris High School.

Mrs. E. F. Smith has returned from her home in Richmond after an absence of two months.

The truck team of C. B. Cummings & Sons, driven by Joe Berborn, while loaded with a great number of shoe boxes, ran away Thursday morning. The horse became frightened at the mill and as the boxes fell from the cart the horse commenced to run. The boxes were deposited down Bridge street and the team landed at the corner of Main and Whitman St., near a telephone pole.

The friends of Wesley C. Pierce were greatly surprised to see him in town this week after an absence of more than fifteen years. He was formerly in business in this village. Since that time he has lived in Los Gatos, Cal. He has traveled extensively throughout the West and South, having been in nearly every State and territory in the union. Has visited British Columbia and taken two trips to Alaska. He is now in the employment of W. J. Crawford and doing well.

E. W. Dyer, while at work on an electric pole at Yarmouth a few days since, fell a distance of nearly thirty feet. He was badly but not seriously hurt.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Eaton of Auburn was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sargent during the week.

Miss Helen S. Swan of Everett, Mass., is visiting her sister and mother in this village.

The "Immortality of God" was the subject of Rev. W. H. Congdon's Sabbath discourse at Union church.

Miss Emily Blauvelt who has been living with Mrs. W. H. Congdon, has returned to Lancaster, Mass.

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Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

ALBANY—VALLEY ROAD.

W. W. Bird is buying poultry for the Waterford trade.

Mrs. Carter Grover and family are being visited by her mother, Mrs. Matherson, her sister, Mrs. Geo. Manley and children Edith and Grace of Hyde Park, Mass.

A number of farmers have had a large amount of hay out during the dull weather.

Mrs. A. E. K. Grover is expecting her niece, Winnifred Kendall, of Malden, Mass., to spend the month of August with her. She will also visit other relatives.

Mrs. Ellen R. Millett and daughter Celia spent Saturday and Sunday at George Grover's and attended church at Hunt's Corner. Mrs. Millett kindly played the organ at the morning service.

Mrs. Millett is intending to have a midsummer sale of millinery and fancy goods at her store at North Waterford.

Mrs. Laura Flint and children were at church the 27th.

O. H. Saunders' family are entertaining friends from Portland.

R. M. Ladies' Club met with Mrs. Alton Fernald the 25th; but few attended as it was impossible for some of the members to get there.

R. M. Grange holds its meetings in the evening during the haying season.

Mr. Will McNally and family of Salem, Mass., are with his mother, Mrs. Newton Moore.

Tessie Eames has returned from Portland.

Fewer Gallons; Wears Longer.

You can paint a building with fewer gallons of Devco Lead and Zinc than with Mixed Paints, and it will wear twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

NEWRY CORNER.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows on like a song, But the man worth while is the one who can smile When everything goes wrong."

Mr. Phon Bean has a new Adriance mower.

Mr. A. Spidell of Andover was here on Monday.

Miss Carrie Hastings visited us on Tuesday.

Harvesting of the hay crop has been much delayed by wet weather, but this is more than counterbalanced by the rapid growth of all vegetation.

Thursday's meeting of Bear River Patrons was not large, numerically considered, but the necessary members were there to confer degrees and attend to other work.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Reed of Portland, were the guests of H. S. Hastings for some days recently.

Miss Grace Hastings has lately received a white pony for equestrian exercise; it was considerably injured by the vicious attack of another horse while in the pasture last week.

On two occasions during the past week has Rev. W. H. Congdon been called to North Newry to conduct funeral services.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kimball of Dover, N. H., were with us on Friday.

Miss Emily Blauvelt who has been living with Mrs. W. H. Congdon, has returned to Lancaster, Mass.

The "Immortality of God" was the subject of Rev. W. H. Congdon's Sabbath discourse at Union church.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Dr. H. C. Frankfield and Prof. N. C. Grover of the United States Geological Survey, were in town last week making arrangements for a hydrographic survey of the Androscoggin river.

John Eames has sold his farm at Sunday river and will reside here.

J. W. Brown is at the home of his parents in Grafton, haying.

The new pulp machine, fitted for drying sulphite, has been started up. As about one-half the weight of the sulphite pulp shipped has been water, the new machine will save its cost in freight alone in a short time.

A. Z. Cates has bought a house in Woodfords, Portland.

Orena Blanchard who has been visiting O. L. Blanchard and wife, has returned to her home in Hampden.

Owing to delays upon the stone-work, the Pettingill schoolhouse will not be done by Sept. 1, but will be finished as soon as possible.

Mrs. Virgil Cole of Canton has been visiting her son, T. Percy Cole, at Smithville.

Norman Hayes has become associated with A. E. L. Foster in Manchester, N. H., in the scenic painting business.

The Rumford National Bank is nicely settled and ready for business.

Mike Smith and a man named Lanser, whose home is in New York, were quite severely injured in an accident at the Oxford Mills, on Tuesday of last week.

A score of 5 to 4 won the big base ball game for Dixfield, last Thursday.

BERLIN, N. H.

The first car ran over the electric road last Thursday, and it was estimated that at least 800 enjoyed a free ride.

Charboneau Hall was destroyed by fire last week. The loss is estimated at \$3000, insured for \$1800.

Lewis Hodgden who recently moved to Rumford Falls from this city has gone into insolvency.

R. N. Chamberlin and wife and Hon. Charles H. Hersey of Keene, and Miss Grace Burroughs of Somerville, Mass., have been enjoying a drive through Dixville Notch by the way of Errol.

C. M. Bennett of Norway, Me., has arrived in town to take charge of the car barn for the electric road.

James L. Beattie and family and Robert Small spent last week at Errol with W. A. Bragg and wife.

Mrs. Ann J. Mason is about to erect a handsome brick and stone block on her lot in Postoffice Sq. It is contemplated to build the block as large as the lot will accommodate, and to have the lower story of stone, the balance of brick and either three or four stories in height. The City National and the City Savings banks will take a long lease of a portion of the ground floor, Joseph Lambert, a large store for his grocery business, and one other store or office that is not yet leased. The second floor will be used as offices and a home for Mrs. Mason. The balance of the block will be divided into apartments.

A very little trouble and expense will keep the flies and other insects off your horse. It can be made for five cents per gallon, and is as harmless as water. A little applied with a damp sponge in the morning will keep them off all day. Mail me seventy-five cents in stamps and I will mail you the formula.

J. E. PHILLIPS, 118 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

HANOVER.

Mrs. Chas. Hutchins, Miss Helen Hutchins and Mr. Oscar Johnson all of Lowell, Mass., are visiting at E. E. Howe's.

Mrs. C. M. Cobb and son of Cumberland Mills are visiting relatives, in town.

Miss Etta Howe attended the summer school in Canton last week.

Miss Carrie Wight of No. Newry has been visiting her brother in this place.

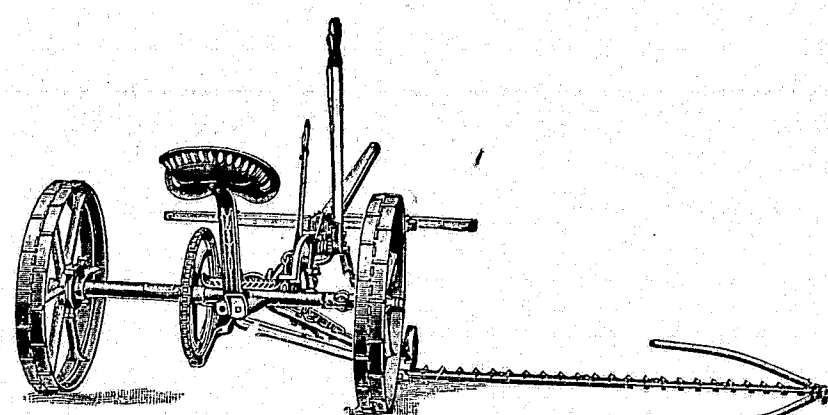
Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Twitchell spent Sunday with Mr. Twitchell's parents in Bethel.

The many friends of Mrs. Etta Bean are sorry to learn that she is soon to leave here and remove to East Bethel.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Grass Is Growing

IT MUST BE CUT SOON, AND HERE IS THE MACHINE TO DO IT WITH.



THE RELIABLE CHAIN GEAR "BUCKEYE"

has led the market for years and will do so for years to come.

HORSE RAKES, SCYTHES, SNATHS, FORKS, in short everything in the line of HAYING TOOLS at

Hastings Bros., Bethel, Maine.

The Place to Buy FURNITURE.

Nice line of Fancy Chairs and Rockers,

ALSO

Chamber Sets, Couches,

Spring Beds, Mattresses,

Odd Beds, Oil Cloths,

Straw Matting, etc., etc.

See our line before purchasing elsewhere.

BETHEL MANUFACTURING CO., BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAFTON.

Charles Burrill recently visited relatives in this town.

G. A. Otis and son Will were in Magalloway, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Warren and children of Upton were in town, Sunday.

A meeting was held at the schoolhouse Sunday, by Miss Stebbins from Upton.

W. E. Pratt has returned home to do the haying on his father's farm.

George C. Newton from Bemis spent Sunday with friends in town.

Several from this town attended the dance at Upton, Saturday evening.

The Circle met with Mrs. G. A. Otis last Thursday, the 24th. There was a very good attendance.

E. B. Farrar made a short visit with relatives in Randolph, N. H., last week.

ERROL, N. H.

There was a lawn party at the church last Friday evening. All report a good time.

Dr. Twitchell from Andover, was in town one day last week.

A. L. Davis and wife have been entertaining company for the past week.

Nora Davis from Lowell, Mass., is in town visiting friends.

W. H. Hart and wife of Wilson's Mills, were in town last week.

John Akers has purchased a fine driving horse.

Bedford Corey and wife drove to Upton recently, to visit her parents.

Mrs. Chas. McClellan had a quilting bee recently, inviting in her friends and neighbors, after which a bountiful supper was served.

Chas. McClellan, wife and daughter drove to Colebrook one day last week.

Mrs. Chas. Robertson and Lillian Corbett took a trip to Colebrook last week.

Miss Bessie Searle recently visited friends in town.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Jordan

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners in and for the County of Oxford:

The undersigned citizens and taxpayers of Bethel, respectfully ask, that the road around Stanley's to Mrs. Carrie Sanborn's as laid out by the County Commissioners in the summer of 1890, may be discontinued.

J. C. JORDAN and 143 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss:

Board of County Commissioners, May session, 1902; held by adjournment, July 22, 1902.

UPON the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and that inquiry into the merits of their application is expedient, It is ORDERED, that the County Commissioners meet at Orono Hall, in Bethel, in said County of Oxford, the first of said publications, and on the 12th day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M., and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and their witnesses will be had at some convenient place in the vicinity, and such other measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall judge proper. And it is further ORDERED, that notice of the time, place and purpose of the Commissioners' meeting aforesaid be given to all persons and corporations interested by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the Clerk of the town of Bethel aforesaid, and also posted up in three public places in said town, and published three weeks successively in the Bethel News, a newspaper printed at Bethel in said County of Oxford, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices, to be made, served and posted, at least thirty days before said time of meeting, to the end that all persons and corporations may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

ATTEST—CHARLES F. WHITMAN, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and Order of Court thereon.

BLACK ROCK.

Continued from page two.

"We were a quaint combination—old 'Beetles,' whose nickname was prophetic of his future fame as a bugman, as the fellows irreverently said; 'Stumpy' Smith, a demon bowler; 'Polly' Lindsay, slow as ever and as sure as when he held the halfback line with Graeme and used to make my heart stand still at his cool deliberation. But he was never known to fumble or funk, and somehow he always got us out safe enough. Then there were Ratray—'Rat' for short—who, from a swell, had developed into a cynic with a sneer, awfully clever and a good enough fellow at heart; little 'Wig' Martin, the sharpest quarter ever seen, and Barney Lundy, center scrimmage, whose terrific roar and rush had often struck terror to the enemy's heart and who was Graeme's slave. Such was the party.

As the supper went on my fears began to vanish, for if Graeme did not roar he did the next best thing—ate and talked quite up to his old form. Now we played our matches over again, bitterly lamenting the "ifs" that had lost us the championships and wildly approving the tactics that had saved and the runs that had made the varsity crowd go mad with delight and had won for us, and as their names came up in talk we learned how life had gone with those who had been our comrades of ten years ago. Some success had lifted to high places, some failure had left upon the rocks, and a few lay in their graves.

But as the evening wore on I began to wish that I had left out the wines, for the men began to drop an occasional oath, though I had let them know during the summer that Graeme was not the man he had been. But Graeme smoked and talked and heeded not till Ratray swore by that name most sacred of all ever borne by man. Then Graeme opened upon him in a cool, slow way:

"What an awful fool a man is to damn things as you do, Rat! Things are not damned. It is men who are, and that is too bad to be talked much about. But when a man flings out of his foul mouth the name of Jesus Christ—here he lowered his voice—'it's a shame; it's more—it's a crime.' There was dead silence. Then Ratray replied:

"I suppose you're right enough. It is bad form. But crime is rather strong, I think."

"Not if you consider who it is," said Graeme, with emphasis.

"Oh, come now!" broke in Beetles. "Religion is all right. It is a good thing and, I believe, a necessary thing for the race. But no one takes seriously any longer the Christ myth."

"What about your mother, Beetles?" put in Wig Martin.

Beetles consigned him to the pit and was silent, for his father was an Episcopal clergyman and his mother a saintly woman.

"I fooled with that for some time, Beetles, but it won't do. You can't build a religion that will take the devil out of a man on a myth. That won't do the trick. I don't want to argue about it, but I am quite convinced the myth theory is not reasonable, and, besides, it won't work."

"Will the other work?" asked Ratray, with a sneer.

"Sure," said Graeme. "I've seen it." "Where?" challenged Ratray. "I haven't seen much of it."

"Yes, you have, Ratray; you know you have," said Wig again.

But Ratray ignored him.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Graeme. "I want you to know anyway why I believe what I do."

Then he told them the story of old man Nelson, from the old coast days, before I knew him, to the end. He told the story well. The stern fight and the victory of the life and the self sacrifice and the pathos of the death appealed to these men, who loved fight and could understand sacrifice.

"That's why I believe in Jesus Christ, and that's why I think it a crime to fling his name about."

"I wish to heaven I could say that," said Beetles.

"Keep wishing hard enough, and it will come to you," said Graeme.

"Look here, old chap," said Ratray. "You're quite right about this. I'm willing to own up. Wig is correct. I know a few at least of that stamp, but most of those who go in for that sort of thing are not much account."

"For ten years, Ratray," said Graeme in a downright matter of fact way, "you and I have tried this sort of thing," tapping a bottle, "and we got out of it all there is to be got, paid well for it, too, and, laugh, you know it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it the more you curse yourself. So I have quit this, and I am going in for the other."

"What? Going in for preaching?"

"Not much—railroading, money in it—and lending a hand to fellows on the rocks."

"I say, don't you want a center forward?" said big Barney in his deep voice.

"Every man must play his game in his place, old chap. I'd like to see you tackle it, though, right well," said Graeme earnestly.

And so he did in the after years, and good tackling it was. But that is another story.

"But, I say, Graeme," persisted Beetles, "about this business—do you mean to say you go the whole thing—Jonah, you know, and the rest of it?"

Graeme hesitated, then said:

"I haven't much of a creed, Beetles; don't really know how much I believe. But by this time he was standing."

"I do know that good is good, and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same, and I know a man's a fool to follow the one and a wise man to follow the other, and," lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad. I've



Can't Stand It.

Constant backache—
Tired all the time.
Nerves on edge.
Distressing urinary troubles.
Hard to keep up
With any kidney ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Relieve the aches of a bad
back promptly—cure all
Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Mr. J. E. H. Townsend, of Townsend Bros., carriage manufacturers, of 39 Jefferson street, Bedford, Me., says: "We used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family, and found them a most valuable remedy. There are so many useless remedies on the market that when one is found which experience proves does what is claimed for it, it is a pleasure to endorse that preparation. I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at John Barry's drug store, under Hotel Thacher, and the satisfactory results obtained warrants me in making the above statement."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

tried all that folly," sweeping his hand over the glasses and bottles, "and all that goes with it, and I've done with it."

"I'll go you that far," roared big Barney, following his old captain as of yore.

"Good man," said Graeme, striking hands with him.

"Put me down," said little Wig cheerfully.

Then I took up the word, for there rose before me the scene in the league saloon, and I saw the beautiful face with the deep, shining eyes, and I was speaking for her again. I told them of Craig and his fight for these men's lives. I told them, too, of how I had been too indolent to begin. "But," I said, "I am going this far from tonight." And I swept the bottles into the champagne tub.

"I say," said Polly Lindsay, coming up in his old style, slow, but sure, "let's all go in, say, for five years."

And so we did. We didn't sign anything, but every man shook hands with Graeme.

And as I told Craig about this a year later, when he was on his way back from his old land trip to join Graeme in the mountains, he threw up his head in the old way and said: "It was well done. It must have been worth seeing. Old man Nelson's work is not done yet. Tell me again." And he made me go over the whole scene, with all the details put in.

But when I told Mrs. Mavor after two years had gone she only said, "Old things are passed away; all things are become new," but the light glowed in her eyes till I could not see their color. But all that, too, is another story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Paper from Cornstalks.

A short time ago, the Southern Industrial Review, in speaking of the manufacture of paper, said, "A material which nature may renew yearly must be discovered and adapted to the trade, and the most natural sources must be sought in the field of agriculture or among the fibres and grasses which have annual growth."

Hardly had the above been printed, when the industrial world was startled by the announcement of the National Fiber and Cellulose company of Chicago that it had secured the exclusive ownership of the Sherwood process for turning waste cornstalks into paper, which will make the United States and the rest of the world independent of Canada in regard to their supply of pulp.

This company practically established a new industry which must become one of the greatest in the world. An idea of the magnitude of this new industry can be formed

when one considers that the waste tonnage of cornstalks in the corn belt of the United States amounts to over 58,000,000 tons annually.

All this waste will be turned into wealth, while the enormous supply will renew itself in every year's crop. This new industry will be a great blessing to farmers, laborers, publishers, railroads, and investors. Before long there will be erected in every corn producing section plants for converting cornstalks into pulp, and these local enterprises, as well as the parent company, will be veritable mints, compared with which the pulp industry of Canada will shrink into insignificance.

The complete independence of the American paper industry has been established beyond a doubt by the new invention—an independence that will have untold blessings in its train for farmers, workingmen, railroads and especially the newspaper publishers, who are the greatest consumers of paper.—Ex.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into your shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it TO-DAY. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

WHAT MERCHANTS DO.

Progressive Ideas Which Have Helped to Swell the Volume of Business for Many Traders.

No business can succeed without advertising in one form or another.

That kind of advertising which has proved most productive of good results is the kind you get in the home newspaper.

There is no stopping place on the road of advertising. You must be a constant traveler or you will be left behind among the unknowns.

The person who does not read a newspaper is not worth making an effort to secure as a customer.

A wheelbarrow may be an excellent thing but it won't push itself. It's the same with trade. Put the laborer behind the barrow, the advertisement behind the business, if you desire progress.

It has come to be a settled business principle that advertising and success go hand in hand. The time has passed when a man could establish a business and, little by little, build it up to profitable proportions without aid of advertising. Competition is too fierce.

A man may attract attention by standing on his head, but the operation is more apt to empty his pockets than to fill them. There are some sorts of advertising which are a positive injury to business.

You can advertise just a little too little—which is like putting up a ladder that doesn't quite reach the roof of the house.

Few businesses are so good that they can not be improved by good advertising.

Years ago the policy of many advertisers was similar to that of the man who had a leaky roof; when it rained he couldn't mend it, and when it was pleasant there was no necessity for it. A generation ago, and even ten years back, in the spring a merchant would say: "Business is so bad I can't afford to advertise." In the fall, this same enterprising gentleman would remark: "I'm doing all the business I care for; why should I advertise?" To-day advertisers have broader views—they realize that all the time is the time to advertise.

WORTH \$300,000,000.

The President of a certain big Oil Company is said to be worth \$300,000,000. A tidy bit of money and no mistake. And yet he isn't happy. In an address to a Bible class he spoke of trials and troubles of the rich and the loads they have to carry. A young lady whispered to a friend that he might wear a Benson's Porous Plaster on his back or, better still, divide the money among the members of the class. I don't know why her idea about the plaster makes me want to laugh, but it does. All the same I have seen plenty of people laugh after putting Benson's Plasters on their backs or chests, or on any other spot where there was weight, heaviness, weakness or pain. It may be the sharp stabs of neuralgia, the aches and wrenches of rheumatism; it may be colds in muscles or bones; it may be those kidney or lumbago thrusts that make you yell as at a dog bite; or it may be a strain or cramp, anything that hurts, aches and aches. Don't bother with salves, liniments, lotions, etc., or with any of the stupid and useless old style plasters. Clap on a Benson's. It relieves at once and cures quickly. It stops the pain and makes you laugh for the very ease and good feeling of it. But watch out against imitations and substitutes. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each.

Beaumont & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Clara (on the wrong side of 30)—I am sure I don't know what he sees in her.

Cholly—Well, they say love is blind.

Clara—Blind! nonsense; I never saw a man in love yet who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

Miss Passay (fatally ill)—Doctor, is it true that marriages are made in heaven?

Doctor (soothingly)—Yes, I believe so.

Miss Passay (hopefully)—Then I don't care how soon I die.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Guest—That's so. My wife gave me a letter to mail. Thanks!

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folks, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Madge—He stole a kiss from me.

Mabel—Well, that was only petit larceny.

Madge—It wasn't; it was grand.

A little life may be sacrificed to an hour's delay. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhea come suddenly. Only safe plan is to have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

Bowler—I tell you what, Meekly, you don't know how to manage your wife.

Meekly—Yes, I do, too.

Bowler—Then why don't you do it, if you know how?

Meekly (gloomily)—Because she won't let me.

"I am using a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets and find them the best thing for my stomach I ever used," says T. W. Robinson, Justice of the Peace, Loomis, Mich. These Tablets not only correct disorders of the stomach but regulate the liver and bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

"Is it true that the professor of mathematics sometimes takes a drop too much?"

"Yes, he seems to believe that one swallow doesn't make a summer."

Cut this out and take it to Wiley's Drug Store and get a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets. The best physic. They also correct disorders of the stomach. Price 25 cents.

"George," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?" "I can't exactly tell," replied the husband absentmindedly, "I didn't keep any account of the expenses then."

Summer complaint is unusually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writer's family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of every scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be within easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer time.—Lansing, Iowa, Journal.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

NEVER

SEND YOUR MONEY OUT OF TOWN FOR

FLOUR

BUT BUY OF

C. Bisbee,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

All the LEADING BRANDS carried in stock.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

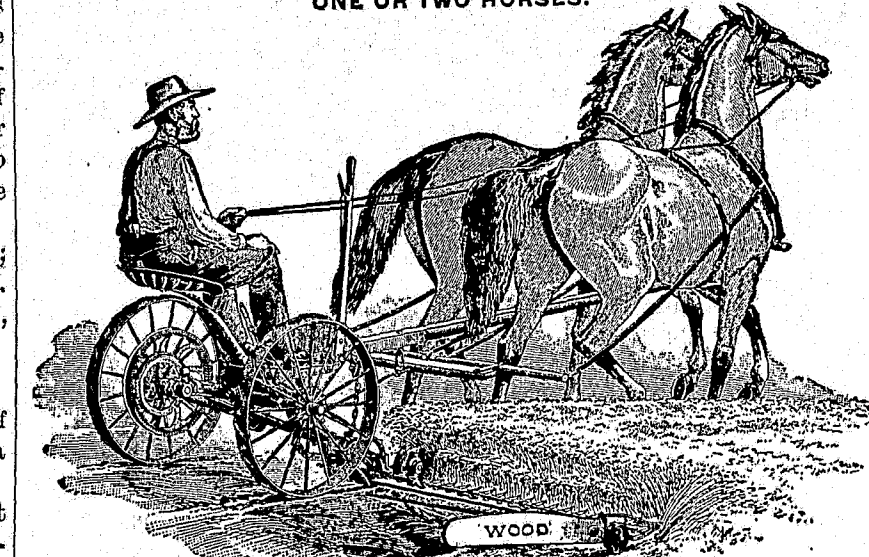
The most complete stock of Pianos Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. . . . Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER & Co.
Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

WALTER A. WOOD

TUBULAR STEEL MOWER WITH ROLLER BEARINGS.

ONE OR TWO HORSES.



THE WALTER A. WOOD MOWING MACHINE has an unquestionable reputation of being one of the best machines on the market. It has stood the test for years and is the leader today.

Some of the Leading Features.

Roller Bearings,
Steel Driving Wheels,
Floating Frame,
Direct Under-draft,
Broad Tread,
No Weight on Horse's Neck,
Adjustable Seat,
Flexible Track-clearer,
Self-lining Pitman

See the 1902 MODEL before Purchasing.

Woodbury & Purington.

G. P. BEAN.

A choice line of

Dry & Fancy Goods

Choice Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

Agent for Butterick Patterns.

Cor. Church and Main Streets, BETHEL, MAINE.



The simplest remedy for a disorder of the system is a general cleanser and cure of the system. The family bottle, \$1.00 for a year. All drugs.

\$225

\$15 down and \$6 per month. Ivers & Pond, possible value in an appeal strongly. We will exchange at a liberal valuation new Ivers & Pond list of bargains in free.

Ivers & Pond

114 and 116 Boy

Pair

PAPER

I desire to state

of Bethel and

am prepared to

attention to

Paper Hanging

I have a nice li

WALL P

and will be ple

your orders for

B. F. BA

BETHEL.

HERRICK BRO

MACHIN

Bicycle Repairing.

Fine Machine Work

a Specialty.

WANT CO

AGENTS V

Life of T. Dewitt T

Son, REV. FRANK DE

and associate editors of

ald. Only book endor

family. Enormous

who act quickly. O

Write immediately Cl

S. 4th St., Phila., Pa

paper.

MEN, not under 25

old and new customers

Position permanent to

Pay weekly.

GLEN BROTHERS

We Will Send the

Dollar and Te

(\$1.10) in booklet by m

(cash or stamps) con

seven pen and ink

sketches of Washing

Victoria knighted Sir

similar artistic work in

editor has sample of th

NOTESHELL PUBLISH

1059 Third Ave., N

Savings

SEND YOUR ADDRESS

England Newspaper

Street, Boston, Mass.,

and beautiful Nickel Savings

particulars regarding the

VOLUME 1902 INTE

ENCYCLOPAEDIC DI

which is now being turn

of this paper for only 50c

For Sale.

The Curtis house a

corner of Mechanic s

Streets in Bethel Vill

a fine opportunity for

stirous of purchasing

reasonable price. Inq

HERRICK

NOTICE.

The annual meeting

man Seed Company w

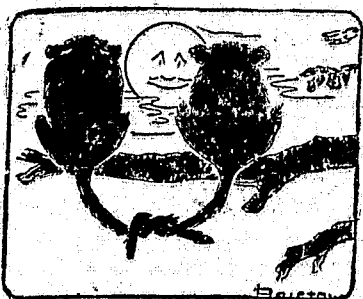
the office of said Comp

Summer, July 31, 1902,

CHAS. H. EAST

EAST SUMNER, ME., Ju

RIPANS



The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ailments that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

\$225 New Upright PIANOS

\$15 down and \$6 per month. These are not Ivers & Pond, of course, but the best possible value in a new piano for \$225, and appeal strongly to economical buyers. We will exchange them at any time at a liberal valuation for our beautiful new Ivers & Pond uprights. It will pay you to write us if you cannot call. Our list of bargains in used pianos mailed free.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

Painting AND PAPER HANGING.

I desire to state to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I am prepared to give prompt attention to Painting and Paper Hanging, and also that I have a nice line of

WALL PAPERS.

and will be pleased to take your orders for the same.

B. F. BARKER,
BETHEL, MAINE.

HERRICK BROTHERS, MACHINISTS,

Bicycle Repairing, Fine Machine Work a Specialty.
W. BETHEL, ME.

WANT COLUMN.

AGENTS WANTED

Life of T. Dewitt Talmage, by H. Son, REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately CLARK & CO., 222 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa. Mention this paper.

MEN, not under 25 years, to call on old and new customers. No delivering. Position permanent to the right party. Pay weekly.

GLEN BROTHERS, Rochester, N.Y.

We Will Send the Value of One Dollar and Ten Cents

(\$1.10) in booklet by mail for ten cents, (cash or stamps) containing twenty-seven pen and ink photo-reduced sketches of Washington life. Queen Victoria knighted Sir John Tenniel for similar artistic work in London. (Your editor has sample of this.)

NUTSHELL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1059 Third Ave., New York.

Savings Bank Free

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO THE New England Newspaper Club, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass., and secure free, a beautiful Nickel Savings Bank, also full particulars regarding the new THREE VOLUME 1902 INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIC DICTIONARY which is now being furnished to readers of this paper for only Five Cents a Day.

For Sale.

The Curtis house and lot at the corner of Mechanic and Railroad Streets in Bethel Village. This is a fine opportunity for anyone desirous of purchasing a home at a reasonable price. Inquire of

HERRICK & PARK,
Bethel, Me.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Eastman Seed Company will be held at the office of said Company at East Sumner, July 31, 1902, at 11 a. m.

CHAS. H. EASTMAN,
Clerk.

EAST SUMNER, ME., July 15, 1902.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Dark.

The Dark came out of his dim retreat Where shadowy hemlocks spread; No sound he made with his gliding feet As he passed along through the village street Where the trembling Twilight fled. And the children, caught in the edge of night, Sped home with a thrill of fear; "The Dark is coming!" they cried in fright.

And scampered away to the cottage light That sent them a ray of cheer.

And the Dark passed on, and he gently stopped—

His shoes were as soft as down; As the tired people and flowers slept, The cool, thick plumes from his helmet swept

Far over the resting town. The children slumbered till dawn grew red,

And the Dark kept watch till day; He kissed them all, as they lay in bed, And not the curl of a single head Did he harm ere he stole away.

Hattie Whitney.

The First Cinderella.

Few of us know the true story of the real Cinderella, or that there really was a beautiful maiden in the far distant past who was the origin of the fairy story so beloved of all children in all ages.

Elian, a Roman historian, who lived in the third century of the Christian era, gives us the history of the original Cinderella.

She was a maiden of low degree and as good as beautiful. Her name was Rhodipis. One day while bathing in the river an eagle swooped down and carried away one of her sandals. It was not a glass slipper, like the modern Cinderella's, else it had not lived to tell the story of its owner, when the eagle sent it hurling from the skies down to the bosom of mother earth.

The sandal of Rhodipis was made of fur, and its lofty tumbled did no harm. By some strange chance it alighted at the feet of Psammithus, King of Egypt. Now, the feet of Egypt's maidens as a rule, were rather large, while this heaven-dropped sandal proved the feet of its owner to be very small, and beautifully shaped.

Psammithus was a great admirer of small feet in women, so he at once sent out an officer of his court who took with him the precious sandal and orders to find its owner, and if she were young and honorable to bring her to him. Of course Rhodipis was found and proved to be all that the king had hoped, and so he made her his queen forthwith.

In this story we have only the sandal, or slipper, the maiden and the prince, or king. For the other accessories of our familiar story we must travel back into days that make those of Elian comparatively modern; the days of the Vedas, which latter are the four sacred books of the ancient Hindus. These books were written centuries before Elian was born.

Here Cinderella is a dawn maiden, and the Powers of Darkness are her sisters. They compelled her to wait on them and to remain within the dark regions of their home. She was sweet and beautiful, and they were jealous lest the bright eyes of Mitra, the sun, should shine upon her.

But one day Cinderella, rebellious, escaped from her allotted bounds and was met by Mitra, who was delighted with her beauty. He would have detained her, but she dared not to linger beyond a certain hour, lest her sisters should discover her absence. Nor would she tell Mitra where she lived.

This was only the first of the several meetings between Cinderella and the son god, but ever fearing her sisters, the Powers of Darkness, she refused to reveal her dwelling place. One day, however, she lingered a little too long, and in her hurry to reach home undiscovered, left in her path the fleecy cloud which had borne her aloft from the regions of darkness.

Mitra determined to trace his fair visitor, sent out his servants, the rays of light, with orders to follow the cloud homeward to its resting place. But the rays did not succeed in their quest, as the cloud eluded their pursuit in the darkness. Cinderella, however, tiring of her life of bondage, succeeded in escaping from the Powers of Darkness and thenceforth visited the sun god daily, at the evening twilight.

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood.

It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling.

It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors.

So here we have not only Cinderella and Mitra, her prince, but her ugly sisters and her chariot, a cloud. The fairy godmother and her glass slipper belong entirely to the fairy story of our childhood, and surely we could not do without them.—Ex.

How Hazel Helped it Rain.

One day Hazel set a little dish of water out for her pet coon to drink. He didn't drink it all up, but by and by the dish was all dry. Where do you suppose the rest of the water went?

But the funniest of all was one day when the coon jumped into a big pail of water to take a bath and got himself, oh, so wet! The fur hung all over him in little dripping strings, but he didn't stay that way very long. Pretty soon he was as dry as ever. Do you know where that water went?

Another day Hazel's mamma put a kettle of beans on the stove to cook, with just lots and lots of water on them, and they boiled and bubbled and bubbled and boiled quite a while till mamma said:

"Whew! whew! whew! What do I smell? Oh, my beans are burning!"

And sure enough, when she took the cover off there were the beans as dry as chips, and the water every bit gone! Where do you suppose it went?

I will tell you where it went. You've seen the steam coming out of a hot kettle haven't you? Well, that's the way the water went—way up in steam, just as dirt goes up in dust when a buggy goes by very fast.

And now where do you suppose this steam went? It flew far away up into the clouds, but the specks grew so very, very little when they got away from the kettle that you couldn't see them. The window was open, and away they went out of it, up, up, up!

After they left the kettle they had to change their name. They were not called steam any more, but vapor. When they reached the cloud they found many, many more little vapors, for you see that's what the clouds are made of. Then the little vapors said to some other little vapors:

"How do you do? Where did you come from?"

"We'll tell you where we came from. The sun shone on us when we were in the coon's dish, and we just spread our wings and came up here."

And some said:

"Hazel put a whole pailful of water on her garden, but the sun shone on it and it was soon dried up, and that's where we came from."

There were many other little vapors up there, and some said:

"Do you see all the clothes on the line down in that yard? We came from there."

And some said:

"See how dry the grass and trees are getting down there by that house. We used to live in that grass and those trees, but we flew up here, and now they look thirsty."

But the most of them said:

"See that little lake down under us? We used to live in it."

But I forgot to tell you that all these little vapors came up into the cloud because they heard a voice calling them:

"Come, little vapors, come up here!" And when they heard that, they wouldn't have stayed down there for anything.

covered the sunshine up, and Hazel's papa said:

"I'm so glad! I guess it's going to rain. See that big cloud coming up in the sky?"

Then the wind blew some cold on the little vapors, and my! how they did cuddle up together and that made them into little drops of water. Soon they heard the same sweet voice saying to them:

"Go, little drops, and water the earth." And down, down down they came, patter, patter, patter, and washed the dirt off from the dusty trees, and gave a good cool drink to the thirsty grass and leaves and flowers; and the little flowers just held up their heads to catch as much as they could.

Hazel had to run into the house when the big drops came spattering upon her little face, but she stood by the window and watched them running down the outside of the glass, and heard the water drip, drip into the cistern.

The next morning the sun came out as bright as if he had had his face washed, too, and you could hardly see a cloud in the sky. It seemed as if the birds and grass and flowers and trees were all laughing and singing:

"I feel so good, I feel so good!" Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Hazel said a thank you, too; but it was a long time after that before she knew how she had helped it rain.—Youth's Companion.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

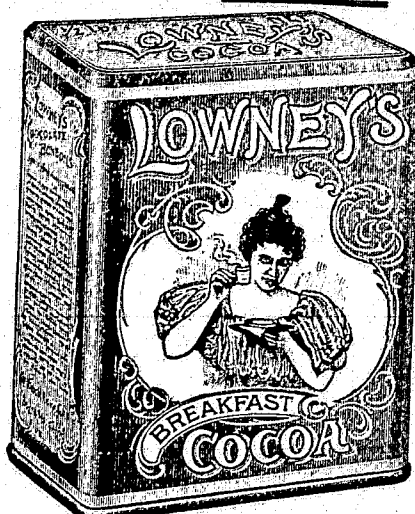
Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

The poor man had been looking all day for a job. "Disappointed again!" he exclaimed. "I am in despair. There is not a thing in the house to eat."

"Ah, dear," said the faithful wife, "we have but one resource left. We must take in boarders."

The Most Delicious and the PUREST.



Unlike Any Other

Full Flavor, and contains only the nutritive and digestible properties of the choicest Cocoa Beans. No flour, starch, ground coco shells, alkalies, chemicals, or coloring matter are present in Lowney's. Sold by

C. A. LUCAS, - - - Bethel, Me.

Go to C. A. LUCAS' for your

GROCERIES, and rest assured that they will be fresh and nice. Fifty Kinds of KENNEDY'S CRACKERS AND COOKIES, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES, in short, everything in the grocery line.

First-class Home Bakery

in connection, also

Ice Cream in its Season.

C. A. LUCAS, Bethel, Maine.

A LEADER

ST. JOHNSBURY

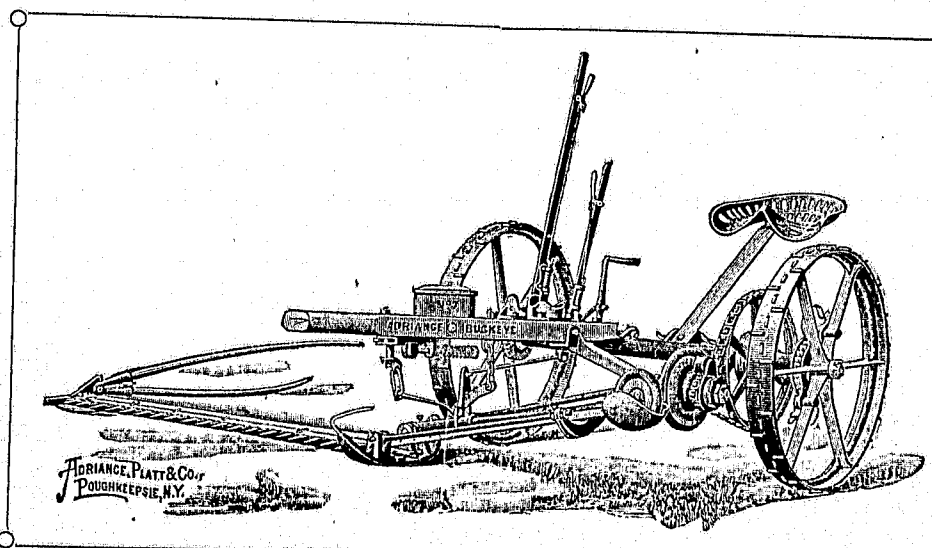
CRACKERS have stood the test and are at the front. "They are it." You may find something cheaper, but nothing better. Don't fool away your time and money with inferior goods, but get the best. Once tried—never anything but the

St. Johnsbury Cracker on Your Table.

For Sale by Woodbury & Purington, Ira C. Jordan, Ceylon Rowe, D. C. Philbrook, Edwin C. Rowe, R. E. L. Farwell, C. A. Lucas, A. J. Haskell, West Bethel.

The proof of the pudding ...is chewing the string

But if you have never "chawed" the string the next best proof is had by consulting those who have done so



The Adriance Buckeye...

KING of the MOWING FIELD and the PRIDE of the FARMER.

Ask the farmers of Bethel and vicinity, who are using the ADRIANCE BUCKEYE, their opinion of it, and upon their report let its fate rest.

Ask them concerning the following features:

1. The AUTOMATIC SPRING DRAFT.
2. Its light weight—or no weight—upon the horses' necks.
3. The FOOT LEVER, with which a boy can handle the cutter bar with ease.

This machine has not only won the medals wherever it has been exhibited, but it has won the admiration of the thousands of farmers who have used it. Come and get one. Take it home and try it, and, if it is not the best all around mower that you have ever used, bring it back.

I am also agent for the **The New Yorker Hay Rake** which speaks for itself. If you need a rake come and look it over.

Full line of REPAIRS for the ADRIANCE MOWER and NEW YORK RAKE.

W. E. ABBOTT, Bethel, Maine.

WORDS.

Essay Written by Maud Lane Russell, G. A., Class of 1902.

If one were asked which he most admires, the person who speaks with difficulty and seems to be going through his whole vocabulary to find the right word, or he who speaks smoothly and readily, yet shows purity and elegance of expression, surely he would reply, "The well-chosen, sincere speech." The inherent dignity of this manner of speech has always appealed strongly to the human heart. For it not only turns the channel of the listener's mind into new fields, but wins it and holds it fast in the same course the mind of the speaker is traveling.

It is a real power to him who possesses it. The person who, on the impulse of the moment, speaks with as much ease and accuracy as it would be possible for him to speak if he had spent weeks searching his dictionary for the word to use next, molding and chiseling his expressions, has the greater power over his listeners. The statesman, lecturer, or public speaker, who uses a language adapted to his subject, yet has ease and elegance of diction, portrays more clearly his own idea, he draws the listener into sympathy with himself, he causes him to see things as he sees them, to believe as he believes. This explains the desire for oratory and eloquence. Some of the greatest orators the world has ever produced, when mere youths felt, the yearning for this great power burning in their bosoms, and by much practice and careful study, in later life, not only brought forth orations to be admired by their listeners, but to be handed down through generations, always to be more carefully read and more thoroughly admired. This was the power of Demosthenes of old; of Wendell Phillips in later days.

What can there be in mere words to sway men thus? Can it be that they are simple instruments of jugglery to deceive a multitude? Or is it true that they express more than we are willing to admit, oftentimes, the inner life and character of him who utters them? We contend that they do. We must admit, however, that sometimes if we were to pass correct judgment on a man's character from his speech, we should be obliged to regard him the direct opposite of that which his words indicate. His expression is mere show. He is deceiving us all the while. This flowing and flowery language, unless supported by a fit thought, is but a glistening shell, hollow within.

We believe that more often a person's words display his true character. The expression, "I spoke before I thought," is a common one, yet what an admission underlies it, for the speaker unconsciously asserts that he has disclosed his real true self. He has shown us one of the weaknesses of his nature. And if has not the power to guard his words, he surely has not to guard his thoughts, for words are but expressed thoughts. Much less, too, has he the power to guard his acts.

"Our acts our angels are, for good or ill. Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

But our words are more our shadows. Long ago the world's greatest teacher said, "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." For the fact must ever remain, that our acts are premeditated, our words spontaneous. The enemies of that man said, "Never man spake as this man." Never man was as this man. The inner serenity, the perfect sincerity, the highest, truest ideals of life were his;

he spake as he lived. Although none of us can live as he lived, yet our words just as truly express our inner life, whether meek and low or noble and powerful.

Sad truth it is, our words once uttered cannot be recalled. How guarded they should be! They are not only disclosing our own life, but they may be tending to cause sorrow in another's heart. We know not where our words so shot at random will find their resting place. Words that escaped from our lips entirely unnoticed we may, years after, find still living in the mind of the listener.

Yet, here is this other thought,—the good that lies in a train of a timely and helpful word is incalculable.

One night just as the lingering rays of the sun were fading away and the birds were singing their last sweet notes, I sat by the open window buried in thought. I was thinking of life,—a wide and deep subject,—something of its real meaning was breaking in upon me. In my imagination, I visited many different places and saw humanity struggling with hardships and dangers of every kind. I saw the sick and dying, I saw the weak and poor; yet I found that by comforting and helpful words I could bring joy to the hearts of all, and to some extent lighten their burdens. I journeyed on, glad in the endeavor to cheer lonely hearts; at length I was startled to find it was only a day dream. But why not make it real? For life is full of instances where a few earnest, sincere words have influenced another to change his course, to leave the vile and injurious habits that have been so fast leading them to destruction, and to become useful to those with whom he is associated. Weak minds are just as easily led astray by a few misspoken words. Then the careful, thoughtful, sincere word is the one we are in duty bound to utter.

Words are small yet dangerous things. Their power is inestimable. They may be friends in disguise, they may be irreverence in self, they may be harbingers of good—the unconscious sign of true, royal, exalted manhood and womanhood.

"Words are mighty, words are living,—Serpents with their venomous stings, Or bright angels crowding 'round us, With Heaven's light upon their wings. Every word has its own spirit, True or false, which never dies; Every word man's lips have uttered, Echoes in God's skies."

EAST BETHEL.

The haymakers enjoyed a very restful vacation all last week.

Miss Jennie Rich visited relatives here the first of the week.

J. M. Bartlett is at home from Berlin, N. H., to do his haying.

Mrs. Carrie Arno visited her sister here last week.

Misses Grace and Jennie Swan are visiting relatives at So. Paris.

Mrs. George Blake and two children from Everett, Mass., are spending a few weeks in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Brown and Master Carl from Berlin, N. H., are staying with Eugene Beau while Mr. Brown attends to his haying.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

Want your complexion or hair a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the hair. 25c. All druggists.

"JUST A STEP"

From Congress Street to Persia, Turkey, Syria, Damascus and the East. We have moved our Oriental Department to the first floor next to the street. It's complete—Old heir-loom Persian Saddle Bags. Prayer Rugs from \$14.00 to \$25.00. Silk Rugs from \$125 to \$1400. Kimonos from \$3.00 to \$25.00. Candy, 25 cents. Slippers, 50 cents pair. Pillow Tops, 25 cents to \$25.00. Fans, 15 cents and 25 cents. Everything from the East.

OREN HOOPER'S SONS,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Now is the time to preserve Fruit. We have the Improved Lightning Jars, pints, quarts. Phone us an order. We will bring them to you.

Only 50 Cents
to make your baby strong and well. A fifty cent bottle of **Scott's Emulsion** will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child. Only one cent a day, think of it. Its as nice as cream. Send for a free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Real estate is changing owners in this place. Mr. Chas. Sumner from Colebrook, N. H., has purchased Mr. Leroy Morgan's place. Mrs. E. J. Tyler has sold her place to Fred Howard and with her son has moved to a place purchased at South Bethel. We wish them success in their new home.

Mr. L. G. Grover and son visited at I. H. Wilson's Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Grover, accompanied by their guest, Mrs. J. Wheeler, made a pleasant call at the Wilson place on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Flavilla Brown has been dressmaking in this place recently.

Mrs. David York visited in this place on Wednesday of last week.

"What do you think of the weather?" is the question of the day. Our farmers are impatiently waiting for dry weather. Those who did not commence haying before the rainy season are more fortunate than those who have tons of grass mowed and soaked for a week with frequent rains. We can only hope the sun will soon show his smiling face and make glad all hearts.

Mrs. Florence and child from Bryant Pond, are visiting her former home at Mr. Leroy Morgan's.

NEWRY.

Marjorie Thurston from Rumford is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Littlehale.

W. A. Foster and John Daley were in Errol, N. H., last week.

There was a social in Eames' Hall last Saturday night. The ladies of North Newry Sewing Circle furnished ice cream and cake. It was for the benefit of the minister.

Mr. Jonathan Bennett passed away last week. He was an aged and respected citizen of this town and has been failing for a long time. He was kindly cared for in his declining years by his son, Frank Bennett.

Mrs. Percy Rolfe who has been sick at Poplar Tavern for a number of weeks, returned to Portland, Thursday, attended by her nurse, Mrs. Hattie Day, Mr. Rolfe and a doctor.

Mrs. Fannie Chapman who has been in failing health for some time, died quite suddenly last Wednesday. She will be missed by her near friends and husband, Mr. Edmund Chapman, who has most kindly cared for her and did everything for her comfort. She was a school teacher in her younger days and possessed a fine appreciation of the beauties of nature, as she surrounded her home with choice flowers. There are those who from their childhood will ever remember her carnation pinks and peonies.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents. 1y Aug 22

President Schwab of the Steel Trust has been obliged by the courts to make a statement of the profits of that immense corporation. By his authority the figures are given. Its net profits for a full year past were \$93,766,452. Its net profits for the current year will probably exceed \$140,000,000. Its net earnings the first year were over 13 per cent, and will be proportionately larger this year. Its plants in value exceed the whole national debt, or in other words equal to the combined value of all the cereal crops of the country, including corn and wheat.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into your shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or itchy shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions. It cures itching feet and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitutes. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. H.

STATE NEWS.

The coroner's inquest on the death of William F. Mills of Winchester and Charles W. Mills of Reading, Mass., who were killed in the grade crossing accident July 18, was concluded Monday. The verdict exonerates the railroad employees and the driver of the public carriage in which the men met their death.

An unknown man, armed with a heavy birch club, committed a murderous assault on George W. Parker in front of his residence in Bangor at 9:20 Saturday night. The blow was aimed at his head, but he succeeded in avoiding it and catching the club on his arm. The man escaped.

Another effort to find the murderer of Sarah Ware has failed. William A. Treworgy of Bucksport, who was charged with the murder, being acquitted by the jury Friday morning. The jury went out at 5:25 p. m., Thursday, and required a little more than 14 hours to reach a verdict. At one time it looked as if it would at least be a disagreement and the verdict of the jury was a surprise to those who had closely followed the evidence of the case.

CONVICT ROADMAKERS.

How the Prisoners Build Highways in the South.

The southern states are in a better position than the northern to progress fast in roadmaking, for nearly all of them have adopted in some form the system of employing convict labor for highway construction. North Carolina was the leader in this work and now gets all county and all state convicts sentenced for a less term than ten years at work in roadbuilding. South Carolina employs all convicts on a sentence of less than five years. In Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, county and many state convicts are thus worked. A movement is being made to extend the system in these three states and to adopt it in Virginia.

The arguments in favor of this employment of convicts are that it does away with the great expense of large penitentiaries, is healthier and better for convicts and more humane, too, takes them away from competition with free labor to the greatest possible degree, enables the county or state to build greatly needed highways at low cost and thus makes their labor of benefit to the public, which has been put to expense by their crimes. The cost of convict labor on the public roads in the south varies from 22 to 30 cents a day, says the Boston Herald. This includes their food and clothing and care.

In the states where it is used a system of convict camps, with movable prison houses, is provided. There are always an overseer and sufficient armed guards to look after the gang. Now and then a convict escapes. As a rule they are contented. The men are of course in the south mostly colored. One in a dozen is white.

They are given considerable freedom in their movements and at times are made undermen over their fellows or put to work at special labor where they must be trusted. In most localities they are dressed in prison uniform and given a ball and chain, these latter often being removed when they establish a reputation. In some localities they are left free from ball and chain and not made to wear prison garb unless state convicts.

A visit to some convict camps at night reveals the characteristic spirit of the southern negro. At Augusta, Ga., they were found with musical instruments of various kinds, giving a concert for their own entertainment. The guards say many of these men are habitual members of the chain gang. One man was pointed out who was said to feel at home nowhere else. Soon after he is liberated he comes back on a new sentence, happy as can be, with a fiddle under his arm.

Worth More Than Larger Crops.

A system of good turnpikes or even of the modern, well drained and well kept dirt road, constructed according to scientific engineering principles, would be worth more than an extra barrel of corn or a fraction of a bale of cotton to the acre, says the Springfield (Mo.) Republican. With easy and cheap transportation, every pound of marketable value would be gathered and sold and not left to rot in the fields, as is too often the case now. Besides this, country life would be made more attractive, and the value of real estate would advance.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, the following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED: That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Bethel News a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford Falls, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1902, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon; and be heard thereon if they see cause. ANSON W. BOWEN, late of Woodstock, deceased, petition for the appointment of James L. Bowser of Woodstock, as administrator, presented by George W. Carroll, a creditor. ANSINA PIKE, late of Bethel, deceased, will and petition for probate thereof, presented by James E. Pike, the executor therein named. ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of Probate. A true copy at test: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

BLUE STORES

COUNTER CLEANING SALE!

A MONEY SAVER.

For \$10.00 you can buy all our High-Grade Suits, worth \$15, \$14, \$13, \$12
For \$8.00 Nice Dress and Business Suits, worth \$12.00 and \$10.00
For \$6.00 Durable Knock-about Suits, worth \$8.50, \$8.00 and \$7.50
For \$4.00 for Suits that have been \$6.00 and \$5.00.

OUTING and NORFOLK SUITS, \$4.00 to \$8.00, worth \$5.00 to \$12.00
25 to 33 1/2 per cent. off on SPRING OVERCOATS.

ODD PANTS at prices so low, it will save you money to buy NOW. See the Trousers we sell for \$1.19. All our fine Dress Trousers at wholesale prices.

YOUNG MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS reduced in price same as our men's. Many other bargains we can show you at our stores. THIS IS A SALE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS.

F. H. NOYES COMPANY,

NORWAY

{ 2 }
STORES.

SOUTH PARIS

WANT TO SELL OUT?

To get in communication with the man who wants to buy—who is looking for just such a farm as yours—let us know your selling price and we will tell you our new plan. We have sold over sixty farms within a year, and can sell yours if it is within twenty miles of us. We want agents at Farmington, Bridgton, Norway or Paris and Gorham.

Edwin A. Strout, No. 335 Water St., Augusta, Maine

BRANCH OFFICES:—Skowhegan, Shep. H. Swain, Manager; Bethel, H. H. Bean, Manager; Kent's Hill, L. H. Strout, Manager; Vassalboro, F. O. Hackett, Manager.

Ours Is The Only Store



In this town where you can find the new and highly superior Corona Dress Shields. These shields are made of a newly discovered material which utterly removes all the former objections to dress shields. They should be used on all your gowns. They are dainty, soft, white and perspiration-proof. They contain no rubber, therefore odorless. Doubtless you have passed through the costly experience of ruining your dresses through the use of shields that wet through. Corona Shields prove a remedy at last. They can be washed and ironed without the slightest injury. You can find them here only, as we have secured the exclusive agency for this town.

E. E. BURNHAM,
Cale Block, Bethel, Me.

Summer Negligee Shirts.

Are you particular about your Negligee Shirts? Most men are. We are ourselves. It's the particular man we like to see, because such a man will appreciate our efforts in getting together such a collection. We want you to see our shirts, for they are just a little better value than we have ever seen together, better fabrics, better patterns, better made. We can't properly describe them here, but will take pleasure in showing them to you. 50 cents to \$1.50. All prices between.

H. B. FOSTER,

Eastern Telephone Connection,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,

NORWAY, ME.

VOLUME

A Money Clearan

A dollar saved earned. The old and if you believe see our harvest of Goods. We make prices to help of Summer Goods, for ones. We are saying one thing Everything just price and that th

WR

Price the power JOB LOT of WR print, waist lin med, good color

LIGHT WRAPPE this summer's \$1.00 grade,

THE FAVORITE PER. A good made, good styl price, \$1.25,

Popular V

Very summery WHITE BATISTE little flowers, flowered, and SILK with dain and flowered. 15 cents,

MERCERIZED LA thing of the sea and colors. Reg

PLAIN SILK GI price,

SHIRT

BEST GINGHAM styles and colors price, 75 cents,

MERCERIZED GI good colors, ma back, very pretty

White M WHITE LAWN W hemstitched, a pretty waists. 15

SHORT SLEEVED brodered front, Regular price, \$1

SUIT DEP

All suits a LINEN AND PIQ Regular price, \$2

THOMAS

Norway

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Preserve

Your Ph

In one

Flexible

That can be fo sizes, at

L. C. H

BETHEL,

E. C. Vander

ARTISTIC PHO

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First-class Work

VIEWS FO

BETHEL,

28 MAIN